





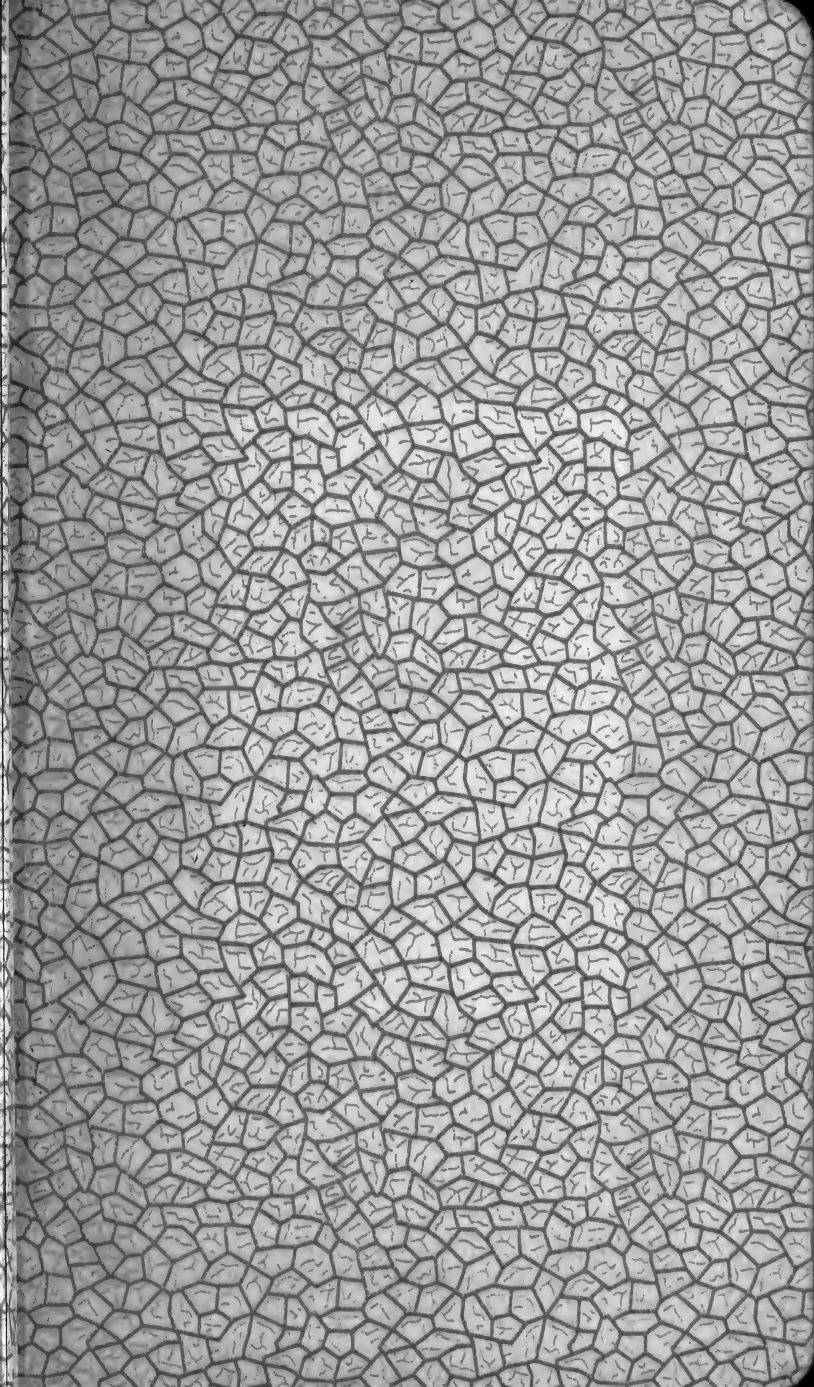
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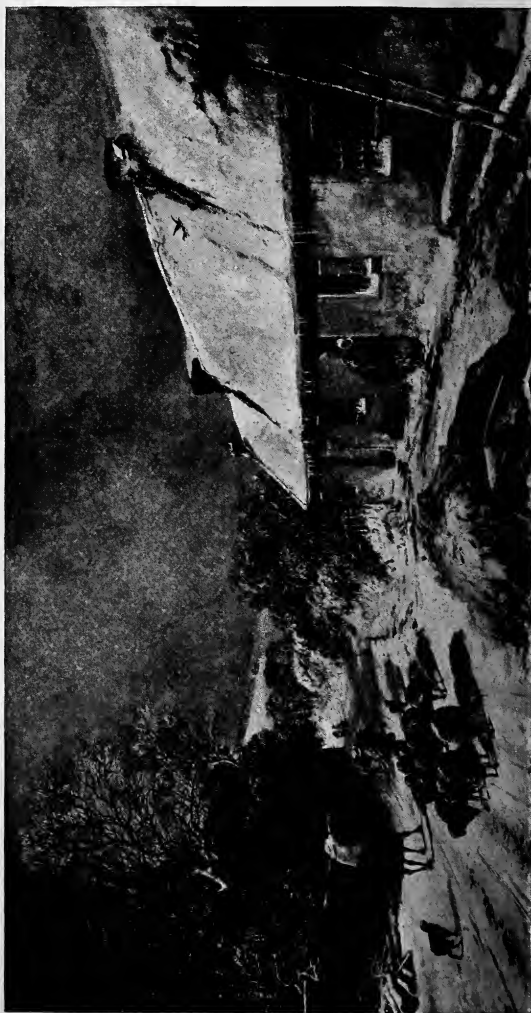




David Hutcherson.

SONGS

ROBERT BURNS



'T WAS THEN A BLAST O' JANWAR WIN.

By Sam Bough.

Songs

by

Robert Burns

With Memoir, Index &
Glossary



TWA DOGS.

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BRIEF MEMOIR.

ROBERT BURNS, the greatest and most essentially Scottish of Scotland's poets, was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a small cottage, reared by his father's own hands, about two miles from the town of Ayr, and not far from "Bonnie Doon" and Auld Alloway Kirk.

His father, William Burness (the name was altered to Burns by the poet), was a native of Kincardineshire, from which county he migrated at an early age, in search of employment. After staying some time in Edinburgh, he finally settled in Ayrshire, and, at the time of the poet's birth, carried on the business of a nurseryman. He appears to have been an upright and sternly religious man. His illustrious son has left an admirable portraiture of him in *The Cottar's Saturday Night*—

"The priest-like father."

The poet's mother, Agnes Brown, was the daughter of a Carrick farmer. She was rather comely, of a bright nature, and had an extensive knowledge of Scottish song and ballad, which her son imbibed eagerly. When Robert was seven years of age the family removed to a small farm, about two miles distant, called Mount Oliphant. Here they spent a hard and toilsome eleven years, at the end of that time removing to Lochlea, a larger and better farm, in the parish of Tarbolton. There disputes arose between landlord and tenant, and broken and wearied in his battle with adverse circumstances, William Burness died, at the age of 63, on 13th February, 1784. Burns was sent to school when he was six years old, and afterwards was under the tuition of a private tutor, one John Murdoch, who has left

interesting records of this period in the poet's life. He also attended classes at various neighbouring towns.

From the wreck of the house at Lochlea, Robert and his brother Gilbert saved sufficient to stock the farm at Mossgiel, in the parish of Mauchline, which they had rented. Previous to this Burns had spent some time in Irvine, where he became acquainted with several persons of a free and jovial character, who did him no good. His earliest poetical effort, written in his fifteenth year, was a song in praise of a beauty whom he had met in the harvest field. Becoming interested in the religious disputes then agitating Ayrshire, he took the side of the New-Light or Liberal party, and assailed the stern Calvinists, who formed the Auld-Lights, with fierce and trenchant satire. Failure of crops and other misfortunes crowding on him, he resolved to go to Jamaica, where he hoped to obtain employment. To enable him to pay his passage he entered into arrangements for the publication of his poems. The immortal volume, which was purposed to be the means of robbing Scotland of her greatest poet, made its appearance in July, 1786, from the press of John Wilson, a printer in Kilmarnock. It attracted immediate attention, and the widespread admiration which it evoked fired the ambition of Burns, and induced him to pay a visit to Edinburgh, instead of carrying out his West Indian project. Edinburgh was then the centre of a brilliant circle of talent and beauty, and into it Burns was warmly welcomed. A second edition of his poems was published, and brought him about five hundred pounds. With this money he purchased a farm called Ellisland, in Dumfriesshire, and here he brought Jean Armour, whom he had married shortly before.

At Ellisland he continued from 1788 to 1791, during which time he wrote *Tam o' Shanter* and other notable poems, also innumerable songs. To augment his income he received an appointment in the

excise at £50 a year. The duties of this office and Burns' convivial character were prejudicial to the success of the farm, and in 1791 the latter was given up, and Burns retired with his family to Dumfries, still retaining his connection with the Excise. There he spent the remainder of his life, writing prolifically, chiefly songs; with 1796 came the beginning of the end, and on the 21st July he died, in his thirty-eighth year. In these latter years at Dumfries his society was shunned, rather than sought, by the wealthier classes. For this neglect the poet was himself considerably to blame, but it is nevertheless a melancholy reflection that so great a genius should have been left to hide his ability in a small country town, and to die struggling with bitter poverty. He was buried with much pomp in Dumfries.

His songs and poems, struck off at white heat, are instinct with human feeling, and go at once to the heart.

His large humanity found room for all, the "Wee, sleekit, cow'rin tim'rous beastie," rudely expelled from its nest, evoked his sympathy; the merry bacchanalian found in him a genial companion; and for the sorrowing he had an open heart. Although the spirit of the country breathes through his poetry, he was not the poet of nature so much as the poet of humanity. In this and in his marvellous facility and felicity of expression lies his chief excellence. Year by year his popularity increases, Burns' clubs and Burns' monuments arise on every side, his most trifling possessions are valued at more than money's worth, and men emulate each other in glorifying his memory.

Many editions of his works have been published, and they have been translated into nearly every foreign language. His genius has received enthusiastic appreciation, and his name is a bond of union among his countrymen over the length and breadth of the world.

INDEX,

COMBINING

TITLES WITH FIRST LINES.

. In cases where the title of a song, or short piece of verse, is taken from the first line, generally the first line only is given. Titles beginning with an article are given without the "a," "an," or "the" prefixed. Titles are in capitals, first lines in small letters, first lines of choruses in italics.

	Page		Page
ADDRESSES: To General Dumourier, 352; to the Woodlark, Adieu! a heart-warm fond adieu, Adown winding Nith I did wander,	265 321 303	Behold the hour, the boat arrive! BELLES OF MAUCHLINE, BESSY AND HER SPINNIN' WHEEL,	288 354 283
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever! AFTON WATER,	300 289	<i>Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,</i>	363
Again rejoicing Nature sees,	322	BIG-BELLIED BOTTLE,	319
Altho' my bed were in yon muir, ALTHO' THOU MAUN NEVER BE MINE,	348 269	BIRKS OF ABERFELDY,	270
Amang the trees where humming bees,	346	BLISSFUL DAY,	273
A man's a man for a' that,	326	BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW,	379
<i>Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,</i>	395	BLUE-EYED LASSIE,	279
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!	287	<i>Bly'he, blythe, and merry was she,</i>	271
<i>And maun I still on Menie doat,</i> Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, <i>An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tum,</i> AN' O MY EPPIE,	322 325 282 395	Blythe hae I been on yon hill,	305
A rose-bud by my early walk,	275	BONNIE ANN,	297
As I came in by our gate-end,	358	BONNIE BELL,	290
As I stood by yon roofless tower,	293	BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S E'E, BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA',	301 302
As I was a-wand'ring ae mid-summer e'enin',	365	BONNIE LASS OF ALBANY,	396
A slave to love's unbounded sway,	358	<i>Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,</i>	270
A' the lads o' Thorniebank,	364	BONNIE LESLEY,	346
AULD LANG SYNE,	323	BONNIE PEG,	358
AULD MAN,	260	BONNIE WEE THING,	282
AULD ROB MORRIS,	243	BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE,	274
AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY,	320	<i>Braw, braw lads of Galla Water,</i> But lately seen in gladsome green,	367 260
<i>Awa', Whigs, awa',</i>	366	But warily tent, when ye come to court me,	252
<i>Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,</i>	303	<i>Buy braw troggin,</i>	388
<i>Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,</i>	269	By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,	251
<i>Aye waukin', O,</i>	378	By Ochtertyre grows the aik,	271
BANKS OF CREE,	255	By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,	340
BANKS OF DEVON,	303	CALEDONIA,	329
BANKS O' DOON,	287	Can I cease to care,	313
BANKS OF NITH,	283	<i>Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy!</i>	313
BANNOCKBURN,	324	CARDIN' O'T,	398
BANNOCKS O' BARLEY,	365	CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES,	380
Bannocks o' bear meal,	365	CARLES OF DYSART,	384
BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR,	330	CASTLE GORDON,	304
Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows,	317	<i>Ca' the yowes to the knowes,</i> Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,	257 296

	Page		Page
Cauld is the e'enin' blast, . . .	400	GALLA WATER, . . .	246
CHARMING MONTH OF MAY, . . .	309	GALLANT WEAVER, . . .	325
CHEVALIER'S LAMENT, . . .	353	Gane is the day, and mirk's the	
Clarinda, mistress of my soul, . .	328	night, . . .	280
COLLIER LADDIE, . . .	392	Gat ye me, O gat ye me, . . .	398
COME BOAT ME O'ER TO		GLOOMY DECEMBER, . . .	287
CHARLIE, . . .	366	Go fetch to me a pint o' wine, . .	297
Come, let me take thee to my		GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA, . . .	302
breast, . . .	306	GROSE, CAPT. FRANCIS: "Ken	
Coming through the rye, poor		ye ought o' Captain Grose?	
body, . . .	367	Iram coram dago." . . .	333
Contented wi' little, and cantie			
wi' mair, . . .	261	Had I a cave on some wild, dis-	
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, . . .	316	tant shore, . . .	252
Could aught of song declare my		Ha, ha, the wooing o't, . . .	244
pains, . . .	351	HAPPY TRIO, . . .	274
COUNTRY LASSIE, . . .	284	HARK! THE MAVIS, . . .	257
CRAIGIEBURN WOOD, . . .	363	HEATHER WAS BLOOMING, . . .	393
		Here awa, there awa, wandering	
DAINTY DAVIE, . . .	326	Willie, . . .	248
DEAN OF FACULTY, . . .	336	Here is the glen, and here the	
DEATH, SONG OF, . . .	242	bower, . . .	255
DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE EX-		Here's a health to ane I lo'e	
CISEMAN, . . .	305	dear, . . .	269
Deluded swain, the pleasure, . .	254	Here's a health to them that's	
Dire was the hate at Old Harlaw, .	336	awa', . . .	356
Does haughty Gaul invasion		Here's to thy health, my bonnie	
threat? . . .	331	lass, . . .	368
DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS, . . .	331	Her flowing locks, the raven's	
DUNCAN GRAY, . . .	244	wing, . . .	353
		HERON BALLADS, . . .	385
ELECTION, . . .	386	Hey ca' thro', ca' thro', . . .	384
EPPIE M'NAB, . . .	394	HEY FOR A LASS WI' A	
EVAN BANKS, . . .	349	TOCHER, . . .	269
EXCELLENT NEW SONG, . . .	388	HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER, . . .	369
		Hey tutti, taiti, . . .	399
FAIR ELIZA, . . .	285	HIGHLAND LADDIE, . . .	379
FAIREST MAID ON DEVON		HIGHLAND LASSIE, . . .	294
BANKS, . . .	277	HIGHLAND MARY, . . .	323
Fal de ral, &c., . . .	331	HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT, . .	374
Farewell, thou fair day, thou		How can my poor heart be glad, . .	256
green earth, and ye skies, . . .	242	HOW CRUEL ARE THE	
Farewell, thou stream that wind-		PARENTS, . . .	265
ing flows, . . .	261	How lang and dreary is the	
Farewell to a' our Scottish fame! .	362	night, . . .	258
FAREWELL TO ELIZA, . . .	316	How pleasant the banks of the	
FAREWELL TO NANCY, . . .	300	clear-winding Devon, . . .	303
FAREWELL TO THE BRETHER-			
REN OF ST. JAMES' LODGE,		I am my mammie's ae bairn, . . .	357
TARBOLTON, . . .	321	I bought my wife a stane o' lint, .	382
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and		I coft a stane o' haslock woo', . .	398
strong, . . .	335	I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE	
Fate gave the word, the arrow		FAIR, . . .	299
sped, . . .	345	I dream'd I lay where flowers	
FETE CHAMPETRE, . . .	377	were springing, . . .	297
First when Maggie was my care, .	333	If ye gae up to yon hill-tap, . . .	354
FIVE CARLINS, . . .	360	I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, . .	279
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among		I gaed up to Dunse, . . .	360
thy green braes, . . .	289	I had sax owsen in a pleugh, . . .	359
FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT, . . .	325, 350, 385	I hae a wife o' my ain, . . .	243
For auld lang syne, my dear, . . .	323	Ilk care and fear, when thou art	
Forlorn, my love, no comfort		near, . . .	337
near, . . .	267	I'll aye ca' in by yon town, . . .	337
For oh, her lanely nights are		I'll kiss thee yet, yet, . . .	337
lang, . . .	258	I married with a scolding wife, . .	369
FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY, . . .	290	I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY	
FRAE THE FRIENDS AND		YET, . . .	357
LAND I LOVE, . . .	395	In coming by the brig o' Dye, . . .	370
FRAGMENTS: "Her flowing		In Mauchline there dwells six	
locks," 353; "When Guildford		proper young belles, . . .	354
good," 314. . .		In simmer when the hay was	
From thee, Eliza, I must go, . . .	316	mown, . . .	284
Full well thou know'st I love		In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are	
thee, dear, . . .	277	proper young men, . . .	355
Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright, . .	386	I rede you beware at the hunt-	
		ing, young men, . . .	393

	Page		Page
I SEE A FORM, I SEE A FACE, . . .	266	My Peggy's face, my Peggy's	
Is there, for honest poverty, . . .	325	form, . . .	295
Is this thy plighted, fond regard, . . .	313	MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL, . . .	281
<i>I tell you now this ae night,</i> . . .	263	MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE	
It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face, . . .	371	THING, . . .	244
It was a' for our rightfu' King, . . .	370	NAEBODY, . . .	243
It was in sweet Senegal that my		Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er so	
foes did me enthrall, . . .	368	fair, . . .	294
It was the charming month of		NITHSDALE'S WELCOME	
May, . . .	309	H ME, . . .	380
It was upon a Lammas night, . . .	315	No churchman am I to rail and	
JESSIE, . . .	248	to write, . . .	319
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, . . .	295	Now bank an' brae are claith'd	
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, . . .	279	in green, . . .	301
JOHN BARLEYCORN, . . .	311	Now in her green mantle blythe	
JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTA-		Nature arrays, . . .	262
TION, . . .	389	Now Nature cleeds the flowery	
JOYFUL WIDOWER, . . .	369	lea, . . .	260
KATHARINE JAFFRAY, . . .	392	Now rosy May comes in wi'	
KENMURE'S ON AND AWA', . . .	373	flowers, . . .	326
LADDIES BY THE BANKS O'		Now simmer blinks on flowery	
NITH, . . .	396	braes, . . .	270
LADY MARY ANN, . . .	373	Now spring has clad the groves	
LADY ONLIE, . . .	364	in green, . . .	327
Landlady, count the lawin', . . .	399	Now westlin' winds and	
LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE		slaught'ring guns, . . .	318
LOCKS, . . .	259	<i>O aye my wife she dang me,</i> . . .	358
LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE, . . .	241	O bonnie was yon rosy brier, . . .	267
LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN, . . .	398	O cam' ye here the fight to shun, . . .	330
LAST MAY A BRAW WOOR, . . .	268	Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, . . .	276
LAZY MIST, . . .	272	O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY,	
<i>Let me in this ae night,</i> . . .	263	TAM! . . .	282
Let not woman e'er complain, . . .	309	<i>O guid ale comes and guid ale</i>	
<i>Long, long the night,</i> . . .	313	<i>goes,</i> . . .	359
LORD GREGORY, . . .	246	Oh! I am come to the low	
Loud blaw the frosty breezes, . . .	271	country, . . .	374
Louis, what reck I by thee, . . .	289	Oh, open the door some pity to	
LOVELY DAVIES, . . .	372	show, . . .	247
LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS, . . .	291	O how can I be blythe and glad, . . .	302
<i>Lovely was she by the dawn,</i> . . .	309	O how shall I, unskilfu', try, . . .	372
LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE		O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill	
TO HIS MISTRESS, . . .	259	has gotten, . . .	247
M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL, . . .	335	O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEP-	
Mark yonder pomp of costly		ING YET? . . .	263
fashion, . . .	265	O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE,	
MARY MORISON, . . .	342	LASS, . . .	358
MAUN I STILL ON MENIE		O leave novels, ye Mauchline	
DOAT? . . .	322	belles, . . .	352
<i>Meet me on the warlock knowe,</i> . . .	326	O leeze me on my spinnin' wheel, . . .	283
MEG O' THE MILL, . . .	247	<i>O let me in this ae night,</i> . . .	263
MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY, . . .	348	O Logan, sweetly didst thou	
MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE		glide, . . .	249
DEATH OF HER SON, . . .	345	<i>O lovely Polly Stewart,</i> . . .	359
Musing on the roaring ocean, . . .	278	O luve will venture in, where it	
MY AIN KIND DEARIE O, . . .	242	daurna weel be seen, . . .	286
My blessings on ye, honest wife, . . .	237	O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S	
MY BONNIE MARY, . . .	297	SWEET, . . .	375
My Chloris, mark how green the		O Mary, at thy window be, . . .	342
groves, . . .	308	O May, thy morn was ne'er sae	
My father was a farmer upon		sweet, . . .	291
the Carrick border, O, . . .	344	O meikle thinks my love o' my	
My heart is a-breaking, dear		beauty, . . .	281
Tittie, . . .	279	O mirk, mirk is this midnight	
My heart is sair, I darena tell, . . .	290	hour, . . .	246
My heart is wae, and unco wae, . . .	396	O my love is like a red, red rose, . . .	291
My heart's in the Highlands, my		On a bank of flowers, in a summer	
heart is not here, . . .	298	day, . . .	348
MY HOGGIE, . . .	384	On Cessnock banks a lassie	
My love she's but a lassie yet, . . .	371	dwells, . . .	337
MY NANNIE O, . . .	317	ON CHLORIS BEING ILL, . . .	313
MY NANNIE'S AWA', . . .	262	ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY, . . .	256
		O, ONCE I LOVD A BONNIE	
		LASS, . . .	334
		OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!	247

	Page		Page
O PHILLY,	310	<i>She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay,</i>	397
O poortith cauld, and restless		She's fair and fause that causes	
love,	245	my smart,	285
O raging Fortune's withering		Should auld acquaintance be	
blast,	349	forgot,	328
O sad and heavy should I part, .	376	<i>Sic a wife as Willie had,</i>	288
O saw ye bonnie Lesley,	346	SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME,	378
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie		SLAVE'S LAMENT,	368
M'Nab?	394	Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou,	
O saw ye my dear, my Phely? . .	307	fairest creature?	259
O stay, sweet warbling woodlark,		Slow spreads the gloom in my soul	
s'ay,	265	desires,	349
O tell na me o' wind and rain, . .	263	SODGER'S RETURN,	342
O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN		SONG OF DEATH,	242
MAR-IED,	395	Stay, my charmer, can you leave	
<i>O that's the lassie o' my heart,</i> . .	332	me?	277
<i>O this is no my ain lassie,</i>	266	STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT,	277
<i>O Tibbie I hae seen the day,</i> . . .	275	Streams that glide in orient	
OUR THRISSLES FLOUR-		plains,	304
ISHED FRESH AND FAIR,	366	Sweet closes the evening on	
Out over the Forth I look to the		Craigieburn wood,	364
north,	301	Sweetest May, let love inspire	
O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON		thee,	353
TOWN?	292	Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-	
O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS'		burn,	262
HILL,	273	TAM GLEN,	279
O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC		TARBOLTON LASSES,	354, 355
FAIR,	306	The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,	379
O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD		<i>The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,</i>	398
BLAST,	294	The Catrine woods were yellow	
<i>O wert thou, love, but near me,</i> . .	267	seen,	274
O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES		The day returns, my bosom	
ME?	332	burns,	273
O wha will to St. Stephen's		The Deil cam fiddling thro' the	
house,	377	town,	305
O whare did ye get that hauer		<i>The De'il's awa', the De'il's awa',</i>	305
meal bannock?	376	The flower it blaws, it fades, it	
O whare live ye, my bonnie lass,	392	fa's,	359
<i>O whistle and I'll come to you,</i>		The gloomy night is gath'ring	
<i>my lad,</i>	352	fast,	320
<i>O why should Fate sic pleasure</i>		The heather was blooming, the	
<i>have,</i>	245	meadows were mawn,	393
O why the deuce should I repine	359	Their groves o' sweet myrtles	
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,	274	let foreign lands reckon,	264
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet		The lazy mist hangs from the	
Tibbie Dunbar?	363	brow of the hill,	272
O ye, whose cheek the tear of		<i>Then guidwife count the lawin,</i>	280
pity stains,	236	<i>Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,</i>	269
PEG-A-RAMSEY,	400	THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE	
PEGGY'S CHARMS,	272, 295	MARY,	370
PHILLIS THE FAIR,	251	The noble Maxwells and their	
PLOUGHMAN,	382	powers,	380
POLLY STEWART,	359	<i>Then up wi' a', my ploughman</i>	
Powers celestial, whose protec-		<i>lad,</i>	383
tion,	339	The ploughman he's a bonnie	
RATLIN' ROARIN' WILLIE,	375	lad,	383
RAVING WINDS AROUND HER		The poor man weeps—here	
BLOWING,	278	Gavin sleeps,	235
RED, RED ROSE,	291	There's auld Rob Morris that	
RIGS O' BARLEY,	315	wons in yon glen,	248
ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST,	360	There's a youth in this city, it	
<i>Robin was a rovin' boy,</i>	341	were a great pity,	298
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her		There's braw, braw lads on	
brow,	367	Yarrow braes,	246
SAE FAR AWA',	376	There's nought but care on	
Sae flaxen were her ringlets, . . .	257	ev'ry han',	318
<i>Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,</i>	337	There lived a carle on Kellyburn	
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, . .	324	braes,	380
Searching auld wives' barrels, . . .	231	There liv'd a lass in yonder dale,	392
SENSIBILITY,	347	There was a lad was born in	
She is a winsome wee thing,	244	Kyle,	340
SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST		There was a lass, and she was	
OF A',	257	fair,	249
		There was a lass they ca'd her	
		Meg,	382

	Page		Page
There was once a day—but old		<i>We'll o'er the water and o'er the</i>	
Time then was young, . . .	329	<i>sea,</i>	366
There was three Kings into the		WHAS THAT AT MY BOWER	
east, . . .	311	DOOR?	300
There were five carlins in the		Wha will buy my troggin, . . .	388
south, . . .	360	Whare hae ye been, sae braw,	
THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE		lad?	384
TILL JAMIE COMES HAMH,	340	WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE	
The small birds rejoice in the		DO WI' AN AULD MAN?	281
green leaves returning, . . .	353	What will I do gin my hoggie die?	384
The smiling Spring comes in		WHEN FIRST I CAME TO	
rejoicing, . . .	290	STEWART KYLE, . . .	347
The Thames flows proudly to		When first I saw fair Jeanie's	
the sea, . . .	283	face, . . .	397
<i>The weary pund, the weary pund,</i>	382	WHEN GUILDFORD GOOD OUR	
The winter it is past, and the		PILOT STOOD, . . .	314
summer comes at last, . . .	353	When o'er the hill the eastern	
They snool me sair, and haud		star, . . .	242
me down, . . .	282	When wild war's deadly blast	
Thickest night, o'erhang my		was blawn, . . .	342
dwelling! . . .	277	Where are the joys I have met	
Thine am I, my faithful fair, . . .	254	in the morning, . . .	307
<i>This is no my ain lassie,</i> . . .	266	Where, braving angry winter's	
Tho' cruel Fate should bid us		storms, . . .	272
part, . . .	296	Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,	325
THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER,		While larks with little wing, . . .	251
JAMIE, . . .	308	WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO	
Thou lingering star, with less'n-		YOU, MY LAD, . . .	252
ing ray, . . .	351	WHISTLE OWRE THE LAVE	
Tho' women's minds like winter		O'T, . . .	333
winds, . . .	350	Whom will you send to London	
TIBBIE DUNBAR, . . .	363	town, . . .	385
TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY,	275	Why, why tell thy lover, . . .	328
TITHER MORN, . . .	399	Willie brewed a peck o' maut, . . .	274
TO MR. CUNNINGHAM, . . .	327	Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,	288
<i>To daunt on me, and me sae</i>		WILLIE'S WIFE, . . .	288
<i>young,</i> . . .	379	Will ye go to the Indies, my	
TO MARY, . . .	341, 351	Mary, . . .	341
TO MARY IN HEAVEN, . . .	351	WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?	255
True hearted was he, the sad		<i>Within the glen sae bushy, O,</i> . . .	294
swain o' the Yarrow, . . .	248	WOMEN'S MINDS, . . .	350
Turn again, thou fair Eliza, . . .	285		
'Twas even—the dewy fields		Ye banks, and braes, and streams	
were green, . . .	241	around, . . .	323
'Twas in the seventeen hunder		Ye banks and braes o' bonnie	
year, . . .	389	Doon, . . .	287
'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was		Ye gallants bright, I rede you	
my ruin, . . .	264	right, . . .	297
UNION, . . .	362	Ye Jacobites by name, give an	
<i>Up and waur them a', Jamie,</i> . . .	396	ear, give an ear, . . .	391
<i>Up in the morning's no for me,</i> . . .	296	YE SONS OF OLD KILLIE, . . .	391
Up wi' the carles of Dysart, . . .	384	Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,	302
		Yestreen I met you on the moor,	275
VISION: "As I stood by yon		Yon wild mossy mountains sae	
roofless tower," . . .	293	lofty and wide, . . .	299
Wae is my heart, and the tear's		YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER, . . .	271
in my e'e, . . .	394	Young Jamie, pride of a' the	
WANDERING WILLIE, . . .	248	plain, . . .	393
<i>We are na fou, we're no that fou,</i>	274	Young Jockey was the blythest	
WEARY PUND O' TOW, . . .	382	lad, . . .	334
Wee Willie Gray and his leather		Young Peggy blooms our bon-	
wallet, . . .	363	niest lass, . . .	339
		You're welcome to despots,	
		Dumourier, . . .	352

SONGS.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff," or
"Ettrick Banks."

'TWAS even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The Zephyrs wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along:
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her hair like Nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in a lonely wild:
But Woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;

Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine,
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

SONG OF DEATH.

A Gaelic Air.

Scene—A field of battle. Time of the day—Evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the song.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
 Now gay with the broad setting sun ! [skies,
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender ties,
 Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go, frighten the coward and slave !
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell Tyrant ; but know,
 No terrors hast thou for the brave !

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name :

Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark !
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
 Our King and our country to save—

While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O ! who would not die with the brave !

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
 Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo ;
 And owsen frae the farrow'd field
 Return sae dowf and wearie O ;
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O.

Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird—
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she been but of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me;
O how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

NAEBODY.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll take cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.
I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack, we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't;
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;
 Ha, ha, &c.,
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Duncan sighed baith out and in,
 Grat his e'en baith bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' loupin owre a linn;
 Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, &c.,
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie dee?
 She may gae to—France for me!
 Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, &c.,
 Meg grew sick as he grew well,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And, O, her e'en, they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, &c.,
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

O POORTITH.

Tune—"I had a horse."

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 'twerena for my Jeannie.

 O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.

 O why, &c.

Her e'en sae bonnie blue betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.

 O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?

 O why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate !
 He woos his simple dearie ;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?

GALLA WATER.

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander thro' the blooming heather ;
 But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water.
 But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
 And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.
 Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher :
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tend our flocks by Galla Water.
 It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure !

LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempest's roar ;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door.
 An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee ;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it mayna be.
 Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
 By bonnie Irwine side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied ?
 How aften didst thou pledge and vow
 Thou wad for aye be mine !

And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast :
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest !

Ye muttering thunders from above,
Your willing-victim see !
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me !

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH !

OH, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh !
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh !

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh !
The frost that freezes the life at my heart
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh !
False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide ;
She sees his pale corpse on the plain, Oh !
' My true love,' she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh !

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air—" *O, bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack ?* "

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy ;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady ;
The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl ;
She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving ;
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,

A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing ;
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailin !
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl !

JESSIE.

Tune—" *Bonnie Dundee.*"

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river
Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair :
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over ;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring ;
Enthron'd in her e'en he delivers his law :
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger !
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie—
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me !

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers ;
How your dread howling a lover alarms !
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main ;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

LOGAN BRAES.

Tune—" *Logan Water.*"

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
 That day I was my Willie's bride;
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

Again the merry month o' May
 Has made our hills and valleys gay;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears of joy:
 My soul delightless a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
 As ye mak mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return!
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan Braes!

THERE WAS A LASS.

Tune—" *Bonnie Jean.*"

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammy's wark,
 And aye she sang sae merrily:

The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammy's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;
Yet wistna what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
His cheek to hers he fondly pres't,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear !
O canst thou think to fancy me ?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammy's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

At barn or byre thou shaltna drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee ;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
She had nae will to say him na :
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

WHILE larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high:
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among
Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare.
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

BY ALLAN STREAM.

Tune—"Allan Water."

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony;
And aye the wildwood echoes rang—
O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle mak it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said 'I'm thine for ever!'
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow;
 How cheery thro' her shortening day
 Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

HAD I A CAVE.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air.
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there!

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Tune—"My Jo, Janet."

O WHISTLE and I'll come to you, my lad;
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad:
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.
 And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
 But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

Tune—" *My Jo, Janet.*"

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.

' One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Is it man or woman, say,
 My spouse, Nancy ?'

If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience ;
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 And so good-bye allegiance !

' Sad will I be, so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy !
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 My spouse, Nancy.'

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it :
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will bear it.

' I will hope and trust in Heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse, Nancy.'

Well, sir, from the silent dead
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

' I'll wed another, like my dear
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Then all hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse, Nancy.'

DELUDED SWAIN.

Tune—" *The Collier's Tochter.*"

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
 The fickle Fair can give thee
 Is but a fairy treasure,
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaming,
 The clouds' uncertain motion,
 They are but types of woman.

O ! art thou not ashamed
 To doat upon a feature ?
 If man thou wouldst be named,
 Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow ;
 Good claret set before thee :
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory.

SONG.

Tune—" *The Quaker's Wife.*"

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish :
 Tho' despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure !
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure !

What is life when wanting love ?
 Night without a morning !
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

A NEW SCOTS SONG.

Tune—" *The Soutar's Tochter.*"

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shalt ever be my dearie—
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shalt ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me—
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

BANKS OF CREE.

Tune—" *The Flowers of Edinburgh.*"

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village bell has toll'd the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
O welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

*ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.*Tune—" *O'er the Hills and far away.*"

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad ?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe ?
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in this scorching sun
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun :
 Bullets, spare my only joy !
 Bullets, spare my darling boy !
 Fate, do with me what you may,
 Spare but him that's far away !
 On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power ;
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.
 On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild War his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet :
 Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.
 On the seas, &c.

HARK! THE MAVIS.

Tune—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them where the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie.

HARK! the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang,
 Then a faulding let us gang,
 My bonnie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
 Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly.
 Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheery.
 Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
 Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae dear
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonnie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart;
 I can die—but canna part,
 My bonnie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
 While day blinks in the lift sae high;
 Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
 Ye shall be my dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

Tune—"Onagh's Water-fall."

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,

Bewitchingly o'erarching
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
 Her smiling, sae wiling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe ;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow !
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face
 When first her bonnie face I saw,
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion
 Wad mak' a saint forget the sky ;
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;
 Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair :
 Hers are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering Beauty's sovereign law ;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon,
 Gi'e me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon
 Fair beaming, and streaming
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang.
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a' ?

HOW LANG AND DREARY.

Tune—" *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*"

How lang and dreary is the night
 When I am frae my dearie ;
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang ;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
 And now that seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie !
 For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours ;
 The joyless day how dreary ;
 It wasna sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 For oh, &c.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune—" *De'il tak' the Wars.*"

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ?
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy :
 Now thro' the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods,
 Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray :
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower ;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.
 Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning ;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky :
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When thro' my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart—
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—" *Rothiemurchus's Rant.*"

CHORUS.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks ?
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee ;
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
 And say thou'lt be my dearie O ?
 Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry noon, my dearie O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest ;
 Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.
 Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks ?
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?

THE AULD MAN.

Tune—" *The Death of the Linnet.*"

BUT lately seen in gladsome green
 The woods rejoic'd the day,
 Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay :
 But now our joys are fled
 On winter blasts awa !
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age :
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh, age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain !
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why com'st thou not again ?

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

Tune—" *Nancy's to the Greenwood gane.*"

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling !
 O Mem'ry spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling :
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover :
 The bursting sigh, the unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt nor canst relieve me ;
 But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
 For pity's sake forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fears no more had sav'd me :
 Th' unwary sailor thus aghast
 The wheeling torrent viewing,
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Tune—" *Lumps o' Pudding.*"

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gi'e them a skelp as they're creepin' alang
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought ;
 But man is a soger, and life is a faught :
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
 touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship southers it a' ;
 When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
 Wha' the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past ?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :
 Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
 My warst word is—' Welcome, and welcome again ! '

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Tune—" *There'll never be peace till Jamie
 comes hame.*"

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me its delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn :
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—my Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa',
 Gi'e over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay ;
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alone can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE.

Tune—" *Craigieburn Wood.*"

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
 And blythe awakes the morrow,
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing ;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart
 If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fa' frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

Tune—" *Let me in this ae night.*"

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou waukin', I would wit:
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my very feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gait ye cam again—
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

SONG.

Tune—" *Humours of Glen.*"

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
 palace,
 What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

'T WAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.

Tune—" *Laddie, lie near me.*"

'T WAS na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
 'T was the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
 'T was the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
 But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter—
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Tune—" *Where'll bonnie Ann lie.*"

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art ;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind ?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' wae could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care ;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
For pity's sake, sweet bird nae mair !
Or my poor heart is broken !

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

Tune—" *John Anderson my Jo.*"

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife—
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries ;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter no retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

MARK YONDER POMP

Tune—" *Deil tak the wars.*"

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride :

But when compar'd with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride,
 What are their showy treasures ?
 What are their noisy pleasures ?
 The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art :
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.
 But did you see my dearest Chloris
 In simplicity's array,
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.
 O then, the heart alarming,
 And all resistless charming,
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul !
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown ;
 Even Avarice would deny
 His worship'd deity,
 And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll.

I SEE A FORM, I SEE A FACE.

Tune—" *This is no my ain house.*"

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.
 O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.
 O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' e'en,
 When kind love is in the e'e,
 O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks ;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

Tune—" *I wish my love was in a mire.*"

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier
That blooms sae fair frae haunt o' man ;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear !
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green ;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FORLORN, MY LOVE.

Tune—" *Let me in this ae night.*"

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me ;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.
O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say that fate is mine, love.
 O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
 O let me think we yet shall meet !
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
 O wert, &c.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

Tune—" *Lothian Lassie.*"

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me :
 I said there was naething I hated like men :
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean :
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying !

A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :
 I never loot on that I kend it, or car'd ;
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less—
 The deil tak his taste to gae near her !
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess :
 Guess ye how, the jade ! I could bear her, could
 bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jade ! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there :
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shachl't feet :
 But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
 But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
 So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune—" *Balinamona ora.*"

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :
 O, gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O, gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a
 lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher ; the nice yellow
 guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.
 Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possess ;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
 Then hey, &c.

ALTHO' THOU MAUN NEVER BE MINE.

Tune—" *Here's a health to them that's awa', Hiney.*"

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;
 Thou art as sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessie !

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied ;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessie !
 Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms :
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessie !
 Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e ;
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessie !
 Here's a health, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come let us spend the lightsome days
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blythly sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—"Morag."

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover ;
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland Rover
 Far wanders nations over.
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May heaven be his warden :
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon !
 The trees, now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies, dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blythely singing,
 And every flower be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

Tune—"Andro and his cuttie gun."

CHORUS.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben :
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturret glen.

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw :
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
 Blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn !
 She tripped by the banks of Earn
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
 As ony lamb's upon a lea ;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
 Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;
 But Phemie was the blythest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.
 Blythe, &c.

PEGGY'S CHARMS.

Tune—" *Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.*"

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochils rise,
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wondering eyes.
 As one who by some savage stream
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish'd doubly, marks it beam
 With art's most polished blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their pow'r.
 The tyrant Death with grim control
 May seize my fleeting breath ;
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

THE LAZY MIST.

Irish Air—" *Coolun.*"

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill ;
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
 As autumn to winter resigns the pale year !
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay fopp'ry of summer is flown :
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick time is flying, how keen Fate pursues ;
 How long I have liv'd, but how much liv'd in vain,
 How little of life's scanty span may remain :
 What aspects old Time in his progress has worn ;
 What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn ;
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how
 pain'd !

This life's not worth having with all it can give,
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL!

Tune—" *My love is lost to me.*"

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I could na sing, I could na say
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting looks, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee.

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I'd love thee.

THE BLISSFUL DAY.

Tune—" *Seventh of November.*"

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.
While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel, the braes o' Ballochmyle.
 Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
 Fareweel, the bonnie banks o' Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle.

THE HAPPY TRIO.

Tune—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam' to pree;
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS.

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw',
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we,
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony may we hope to be!
 We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king among us three!
 We are na fou, &c.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Tune—" *The Shepherd's Wife.*"

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeannie fair
On trembling string or vocal air;
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Tune—" *Invercauld's Reel.*"

CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure,
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddy's gear maks you sae nice ;
 The deil a ane wad spier your price
 Were ye as poor as I.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I would na gi'e her in her sark
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark ;
 Ye need na look sae high.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Tune—" *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*"

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair :
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

Tune—" *An gille dubh ciar dhubh.*"

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
 Well you know how much you grieve me;
 Cruel charmer, can you go?
 Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;
 By the faith you fondly plighted;
 By the pangs of lovers slighted;
 Do not, do not leave me so!
 Do not, do not leave me so!

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

Tune—" *Rothiemurchus' Rant.*"

CHORUS.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do?

FULL well thou know'st I love thee, dear,
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
 O, did not love exclaim, 'Forbear,
 Nor use a faithful lover so?'
 Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, O, let me share,
 And by thy beauteous self I swear
 No love but thine my heart shall know.
 Fairest maid, &c.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engag'd,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,

Honour's war we strongly wag'd,
But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend ;
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend !

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune—" *M'Gregor of Ruara's Lament.*"

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strewing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring :

' Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

' O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering ;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
O, how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee !'

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—" *Druimion dubh.*"

MUSING on the roaring ocean
Which divides my love and me ;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law ;
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa !

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

Tune—" *The blathrie o't.*"

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;
I gat my death frae twa sweet e'en,
Twa lovely e'en o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white ;—
It was her e'en sae bonnie blue.
She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
She charmed my soul I wist na how ;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her e'en sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa e'en sae bonnie blue.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw :
But blessings on your frosty pow
John Anderson my jo.
John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither :
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

TAM GLEN.

Tune—" *The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre.*"
My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',

To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinkin', wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might make a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
'Guid day to you,' coof! he comes ben:
He brags and he blows o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My Minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten':
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, 'Tam Glen.'

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken:
His likeness cam' up the house stakin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

GANÉ IS THE DAY.

Tune—"Guidwife Count the Lawin."

GANÉ is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine's the risin' sun.

CHORUS.

Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie
mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen',
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool
That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
Then guidwife count, &c.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my love o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin ;
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee ;
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an arle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood ;
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree ;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN ?

Tune—" *What can a Young Lassie do wi' an
Auld Man ?* "

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man ?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan' !
Bad luck on the penny, &c.

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang :
He's doylt and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man !

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him do a' that I can ;
 He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows :
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man !

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity—
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;
 I'll cross him, and rack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM !

Tune—" *The Moudiewort.*"

CHORUS.

An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam !
 An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.
 An' O for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
 At kith or kin I needna spier,
 And I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.
 An' O for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam ;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam !
 An' O for ane, &c.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Tune—" *Bonnie Wee Thing.*"

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
 In that bonnie face o' thine ;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine ;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine !
Bonnie wee, &c.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune—" *Robie Donna Gorach.*"

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand ;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command :
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear !
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here ?
How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom ;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume
Amang the friends of early days !

BESSY AND HER SPINNIN' WHEEL.

Tune—" *Bottom of the Punch Bowl.*"

O LEEZE me on my spinnin' wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel ;
Frae tap to tae that cleids me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk, and meal—
O leeze me on my spinnin' wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot ;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest :
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blythe I turn my spinnin' wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ithers' lays:
 The craik amang the clover hay,
 The pairtrick whirrin' o'er the lea,
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinnin' wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Amid their flarin', idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinnin' wheel?

COUNTRY LASSIE.

Tune—"John, come Kiss me now."

IN simmer when the hay was mown,
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield;
 Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says, 'I'll be wed, come o't what will';
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 'O' guid advisement comes nae ill.'

'It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
 There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the luv'er's fire.'

'For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen
 I dinna care a single flea;
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae love to spare for me:
 But blythe's the blink o' Robbie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gi'e
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.'

'O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught!
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair;

But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,
 A hungry care's an unco care :
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.'
 O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
 But the tender heart o' leesome love
 The gowd and siller canna buy :
 We may be poor—Robbie and I,
 Light is the burden love lays on ;
 Content and love brings peace and joy,
 What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

FAIR ELIZA.

Tune—" *The Bonnie Brucket Lassie.*"

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rue on thy despairing lover !
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise !
 Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended ?
 The offence is loving thee ;
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly dee !
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.
 Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon ;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon ;
 Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gi'es to me.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang :

She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear,
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.
 Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind :
 O woman lovely, woman fair !
 An angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair,
 I mean an angel mind.

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

Tune—" *The Posie.*"

O LUVE will venture in, where it daurna weel be seen,
 O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the woods
 sae green,

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without
 a peer,

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,
 For it's like a balmy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
 The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak
 away,

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
 And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae
 clear :

The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er
 remove,
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care?
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys—
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover stole the rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 Sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.
 Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
 But the dire feeling, oh! farewell forever,
 Is anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Since my last hope and last comfort is gone;
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

Tune—"Oran Gaoil."

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive !
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart :
 Sever'd from thee can I survive ?
 But Fate has will'd, and we must part !
 I'll often greet this surging swell ;
 Yon distant isle will often hail :
 ' E'en here I took the last farewell ;
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.'

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea fowls round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
 ' Happy, thou Indian grove,' I'll say,
 ' Where now my Nancy's path may be !
 While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O tell me, does she muse on me ?'

WILLIE'S WIFE.

Tune—"Tibbie Fowler in the Glen."

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie ;
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' onybody :
 He had a wife was dour and din—
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mithier ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gi'e a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour :
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whiskin' beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter ;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter :
 She has a hump upon her breast
 The twin o' that upon her shouther ;
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld bauldrons by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gi'e a button for her.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
 There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

Tune—" *My Mother's aye glow'ring o'er me.*"

Louis, what reck I by thee,
 Or Geordie on his ocean?
 Dyvor beggar loons to me,
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
 And in her breast enthrone me :
 Kings and nations, swith awa !
 Reif randies, I disown ye !

BONNIE BELL.

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly Winter grimly flies ;
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies ;
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
 The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell ;
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
 And yellow Autumn presses near,
 Then in its turn comes gloomy Winter,
 Till smiling Spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

Tune—" *The Highland Watch's Farewell.*"

My heart is sair, I darena tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody ;
 I could wake a winter night,
 For the sake o' somebody !
 Och-hon ! for somebody !
 Och-hey ! for somebody !
 I could range the world around
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O sweetly smile on somebody !
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Och-hon ! for somebody !
 Och-hey ! for somebody !
 I wad do—what wad I not ?
 For the sake o' somebody !

O MAY, THY MORN.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
 As the mirk night o' December;
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And private was the chamber;
 And dear was she I darena name,
 But I will aye remember.
 And dear, &c.

And here's to them, that, like oursel',
 Can push about the jorum,
 And here's to them that wish us weel,
 May a' that's guid watch o'er them:
 And here's to them we darena tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum.
 And here's to, &c.

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
 And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:
 Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
 A waeful day it was to me;
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.
 Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune—" *Wishaw's Favourite.*"

O MY love is like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June:
 O my love is like the melody
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.
 As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in love am I:
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,
 And fare thee weel awhile !
 And I will come again, my love,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN ?

Tune—" *The bonnie lass in yon town.*"

O WAT ye wha's in yon town
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon ?
 The fairest dame's in yon town
 That e'ening sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree :
 How blest, ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e !

How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year ;
 And doubly welcome be the Spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear !

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr ;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
 But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave would be a lover's bower
 Tho' raging winter rent the air ;
 And she a lovely little flower
 That I would tend and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town
 Yon sinkin' sun's gane down upon ;
 A fairer than's in yon town
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear ;
 I careless quit all else below,
 But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart.
And she—as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

A VISION.

Tune—"Cumnock Psalms."

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazelly path
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights wi' hissing eerie din;
Athwart the lift they start and shift
Like fortune's favours, tint as win'.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me:
And on his bonnet 'grav'd was plain
The sacred posy—Liberty!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play—
I winna venture't in my rhymes.

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD
BLAST.Tune—" *The Lass of Livingstone.*"

O WERT thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee,
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste
 Of earth and air, of earth and air,
 The desert were a paradise
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The only jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Tune—" *The Deuks Dang o'er my Daddy.*"

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er so fair,
 Shall ever be my Muse's care :
 Their titles a' are empty show ;
 Gi'e me my Highland lassie, O.

CHORUS.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
 I set me down wi' right good will
 To sing my Highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and valleys mine,
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine !
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea ;
 But while my crimson currents flow
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band !
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O !
Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O !
To other lands I now must go
To sing my Highland lassie, O !

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane ;
And with him is a' my bliss,—
 Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain !
Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep—
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be !

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name ;
For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

PEGGY'S CHARMS.

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm ;

My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind
 Might charm the first of human kind.
 I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art;
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye;
 Who but owns their magic sway,
 Who but knows they all decay!
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look that rage disarms,
 These are all immortal charms.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CHORUS.

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast—
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en till morn—
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the morning, &c.

THO' CRUEL FATE.

Tho' cruel Fate should bid us part
 As far's the Pole and Line;
 Her dear idea round my heart
 Should tenderly entwine.

Tho' mountains frown and deserts howl,
 And oceans roar between;
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
 I still would love my Jean.

.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing
Gaily in the sunny beam ;
List'ning to the wild birds singing
By a falling, crystal stream :
Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
Trees with aged arms were warring
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoyed ;
But lang ere noon loud tempests storming
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

BONNIE ANN.

YE gallants bright, I rede you right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann :
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her e'en sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan ;
Sae jimpy lac'd her gentle waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, Grace and Love attendant move,
And Pleasure leads the van ;
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man ;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry ;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;
 But it's no the roar o' sea and shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry ;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

Tune—" *Neil Gow's Lament.*"

THERE's a youth in this city, it were a great pity
 That he from our lasses should wander awa' ;
 For he's bonnie and braw, weel favour'd witha',
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
 His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue ;
 His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw ;
 His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
 His coat is the hue, &c.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin' ;
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted and
braw ;
But chiefly the siller that gars him gang till her—
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him,
And Susy, whase daddy was Laird o' the ha' ;
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in love,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could move.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy,
How soon it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy !

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while ;
Yet soon thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the
heather to feed,
And the shepherd tends his flock as he pipes on
his reed.

Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors ;
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow strath ;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded fly the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
 O' nice education but sma' is her share;
 Her parentage humble as humble can be;
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her
 darts,
 They dazzle our een as they fly to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling
 e'e
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
 And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her
 arms,
 O these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

WHA is that at my bower door?
 O wha is it but Findlay?
 Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!—
 Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
 What mak ye sae like a thief?
 O come and see, quo' Findlay;
 Before the morn ye'll work mischief—
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 Gif I rise and let you in—
 Let me in, quo' Findlay;
 Ye'll keep me waukin' wi' your din—
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 In my bower if ye should stay—
 Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
 I fear ye'll bide till break o' day—
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 Here this night if ye remain—
 I'll remain, quo' Findlay;
 I dread ye'll learn the gate again—
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 What may pass within this bower—
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
 Ye maun conceal till your last hour—
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
 Ae farewell, alas! for ever!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae farewell, alas ! for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

THE BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S E'E.

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring,
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' banks, when e'ening fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e !

The chield wha boasts o' warld's wealth
Is aften laird o' meikle care ;
But Mary she is a' my ain,
Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair !
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e !

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me ?

The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.
 But I look to the west when I gae to rest,
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
 The lad that is dear to my baby and me.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA'.

Tune—" *Owre the Hills and far away.* "

O how can I be blythe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw;
 But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a':
 But I hae ane will tak my part—
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
 And silken snoods he gae me twa;
 And I will wear them for his sake—
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Tune—" *Banks of Banna.* "

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
 A place where body saw na;
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.
 The hungry Jew in wilderness,
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bliss
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
 Frae Indus to Savannah!
 Gi'e me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna.
 There I'll despise imperial charms,
 An Empress or Sultana,

While dying raptures in her arms,
 I give and take with Anna !
 Awa', thou flaunting god o' day !
 Awa', thou pale Diana !
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
 When I'm to meet my Anna.
 Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
 Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a' ;
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna !

BANKS OF DEVON.

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
 With green-spreading bushes, and flowers bloom-
 ing fair !
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew !
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.
 O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn !
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England triumphant display her proud rose :
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys—
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

Tune—" *The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.*"

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare ;
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is Simplicity's child.
 Awa', &c.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast.
 Awa', &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
 Awa', &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.
 Awa', &c.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day!
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.
 Awa', &c.

CASTLE GORDON.

Tune—"Morag."

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
 Never bound by winter's chains!
 Glowing here on golden sands,
 There commix'd with foulest stains
 From tyranny's empurpled bands:
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
 Shading from the burning ray
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,
 Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
 Woods that ever verdant wave,
 I leave the tyrant and the slave,
 Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
 In that sober, pensive mood,
 Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood ;
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
 By bonnie Castle Gordon.

THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

THE De'il cam fiddling thro' the town,
 And danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman ;
 And ilka wife cried, ' Auld Mahoun,
 We wish you luck o' your prize, man.'

CHORUS.

The De'il's awa', the De'il's awa',
 The De'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman ;
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man ;
 And mony thanks to the muckle black De'il
 That danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.
 The De'il's awa', &c.

There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
 Was—the De'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman.
 The De'il's awa', &c.

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

Tune—" *Liggeram Cosh.*"

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me ;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me ;
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang, can please me ;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring :
 Trembling, I do nocht but glower,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass-green sod
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

Tune—" *Hughie Graham.*"

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
 And I, a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing ;
 How I wad mourn when it was torn
 By autumn wild and winter rude !
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.
 O gin my love were yon red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa' !
 Oh, there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

Tune—" *Could Kail.*"

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur :
 And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her ?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.
 Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure ;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share
 Than sic a moment's pleasure :

And by thy e'en, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever !
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

WHERE ARE THE JOYS?

Tune—" *Saw ye my Father ?* "

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early sang ?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring
At evening the wild woods amang ?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair :
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that simmer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near ?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long long too well have I known ;
All that has caus'd this wreck in my bosom
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow :
Come, then, enamour'd, and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

O SAW YE MY DEAR?

Tune—" *When she cam ben she bobbie.* "

O SAW ye my dear, my Phely ?
O saw ye my dear, my Phely ?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love—
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou'st broken the heart o' thy Willy.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.Tune—" *Fee him, Father.* "

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever ;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever ;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
 I maun see thee never, Jamie.
 I'll see thee never !

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken ;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken ;
 Thou canst love anither jo
 While my heart is breaking ;
 Soon my weary e'en I'll close—
 Never mair to waken, Jamie.
 Ne'er mair to waken !

MY CHLORIS.Tune—" *My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.* "

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair :
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings :
 For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha' :
 The shepherd stops his simple reed
 Blythe in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn !

The shepherd in the flowery glen
 In shepherd's phrase will woo :
 The courtier tells a finer tale,
 But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine :
 The courtier's gems may witness love—
 But 'tis na love like mine.

CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

Tune—" *Dainty Davie.*"

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
 One morning, by the break of day,
 The youthful, charming Chloe,
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see
 Perch'd all around on every tree,
 In notes of sweetest melody
 They hail the charming Chloe.

Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.
 Lovely was she, &c.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

Tune—" *Duncan Gray.*"

LET not woman e'er complain
 Of inconstancy in love ;
 Let not woman e'er complain,
 Fickle man is apt to rove :

Look abroad through Nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change ;
 Ladies, would it not be strange
 Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow :
 Sun and moon but set to rise,
 Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man
 To oppose great Nature's plan ?
 We'll be constant while we can—
 You can be no more, you know.

O PHILLY.

Tune—" *The Sow's Tail.*"

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day
 When, roving thro' the gather'd hay,
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
 Where first I own'd my maiden love,
 Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
 To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
 Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
 So ilka day to me mair dear
 And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
 Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
 So in my tender bosom grows
 The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky
 That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
 Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
 As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
 Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
 Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
 As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the op'ning flower
Compared wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win ;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys than gowd can gi'e !
I care na wealth a single flea ;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

THERE was three Kings into the east,
Three Kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerfu' Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;

His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age :
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood
'Twill make your courage rise ;

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS?

Tune—"Roy's Wife."

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, &c.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune—"Aye Waukin', O."

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

CAN I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, &c.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber e'en I dread,
Every dream is horror.
Long, &c.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, &c.

WHEN GUILDFORD GOOD OUR PILOT
STOOD.

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood

An' did our helm thraw, man,

Ae night, at tea, began a plea

Within America, man :

Then up they gat the maskin'-pat,

And in the sea did jaw, man ;

An' did nae less, in full Congress,

Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,

I wat he wasna slow, man ;

Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,

And Carleton did ca', man :

But yet, what reck, he, at Quebec,

Montgomery-like did fa', man,

Wi' sword in hand, before his band,

Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,

Was kept at Boston ha', man ;

Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe

For Philadelphia, man :

Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin

Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;

But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,

Sir-Loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,

Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;

Then lost his way, ae misty day,

In Saratoga shaw, man.

Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,

An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;

But Clinton's glaive, frae rust to save,

He hung it tae the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guildford too,

Began to fear a fa', man ;

And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,

The German Chief to thraw, man :

For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,

Nae mercy had at a', man ;

An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,

An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
 Till death did on him ca', man ;
 When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man ;
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For North an' Fox united stocks
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placards,
 On Chatham's boys did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
 'Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;
 While sleet Dundas arous'd the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man ;
 An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith
 (Inspired bardies saw, man),
 Wi' kindling eyes cried, 'Willie, rise !
 Would I hae fear'd them a', man ?'

But, word an' blow, North, Fox and Co.
 Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
 Till Southron raise, an' coost their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man ;
 An' Caledon threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man ;
 An' swore fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
 To make it guid in law, man.

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THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

Tune—"Corn rigs are bonnie."

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light
 I held awa to Annie :
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;

I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Amang the rigs o' barley;
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
 I lov'd her most sincerely;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
 Her heart was beating rarely;
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Amang the rigs o' barley!
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly!
 She aye shall bless that happy night
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
 I hae been merry drinking;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear;
 I hae been happy thinking:
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonnie:
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

FAREWELL TO ELIZA.

Tune—"Gilderoy."

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar:
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more!
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh!

MY NANNIE O.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinsiar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa' to Nannie O.

The westlin' wind blows loud an' shrill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O:
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young:
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me—
My thoughts are a', my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
- And has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care nae by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O :
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' twere na for the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

The warl'y race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O :
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 Green grow, &c.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O,
 An' warl'y cares, an' warl'y men,
 May a' gae tapsilteerie, O !
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O ;
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

NOW WESTLIN' WINDS.

Tune—" *I had a horse, I had nae mair.*"

Now westlin' winds and slaught'ring guns
 Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;
 The moorcock springs on whirring wings
 Among the blooming heather :
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer ;
 And the moon shines bright when I rove at night
 To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
 The plover loves the mountains ;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
 The soaring hern the fountains :
 Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander ;
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

But, Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view
All fading-green and yellow :
Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly :
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer !

THE BIG-BELLIED BOTTLE.

Tune—" *Prepare, my Dear Brethren, to the Tavern
let's fly.*"

No churchman am I to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse ;
There, centum per centum, the cit with his purse ;
But see you the crown, how it waves in the air !
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair
That the big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
 But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down
 By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black
 gown ;

And, faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair,
 For a big-bellied bottle's a heav'n of a care.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
 May every true brother of the compass and square
 Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care.

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS
 NATIVE COUNTRY.

Tune—" *Roslin Castle.*"

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast ;
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scattered coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, press'd with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
 By early Winter's ravage torn :
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave ;
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
 Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierced with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales;
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
 Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr.

THE FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES' LODGE,
 TARBOLTON.

Tune—" *Guid night, and joy be wi' you a'!* "

ADIEU! a heart-warm fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
 Ye favour'd, ye enlightened few,
 Companions of my social joy!
 Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night;
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the Sons of Light:
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'!

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
 The glorious Architect Divine!
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear!
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear!
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the Bard, that's far awa'.

AND MAUN I STILL ON MENIE DOAT?

Tune—" *Jockey's Grey Brecks.*"

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees

Her robe assume its vernal hues,

Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,

All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.

And maun I still on Menie doat,

And bear the scorn that's in her e'e ?

For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,

An' it winna let a body be !

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,

In vain to me the violets spring ;

In vain to me, in glen or shaw,

The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,

Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks ;

But life to me's a weary dream,

A dream of ane that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,

Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,

The stately swan majestic swims,

And every thing is blest but I.

And maun I still, &c.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,

And owre the moorlands whistles shrill,

Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step

I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,

Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,

And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,

A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,

And raging bend the naked tree ;

Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul

When Nature all is sad like me !

And maun I still, &c.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Katharine Ogie."

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the longest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.
How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder ;
But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mould'ring now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
 From mornin' sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gi'es a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine ;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Tune—" *Hey, tuttie taitie.*"

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front of battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa' ?
 Let him follow me !

By Oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die!

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Tune—"The Auld Wife ayont the Fire."

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
 By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver.

Oh, I had wooers aught or nine,
 They gi'ed me rings and ribbons fine;
 And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
 And I gi'ed it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
 To gi'e the lad that has the land;
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And gi'e it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
 While bees rejoice in opening flowers;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers;
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
 And waste my soul with care;
 But ah! how bootless to admire,
 When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
 To hope may be forgiven;
 For sure, 'twere impious to despair.
 So much in sight of heaven.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that?
Gi'e fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading bowers;
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me, &c.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

Tune—"The helpless Lover."

Now spring has clad the groves in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was once that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountain dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine: till love has o'er me passed,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,

Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye;
 As little recked I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland's snows
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' Man and Nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
 The wretch whase doom is 'Hope nae mair!'
 What tongue his woes can tell!
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run:
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole
 So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie;
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy?

We part—but by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes!
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my glorious day:
 And shall a glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray?

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

WHY, why tell thy lover
 Bliss he never must enjoy?
 Why, why undeceive him,
 And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while Fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme!
 Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
 Wake thy lover from his dream?

CALEDONIA.

Tune—" *Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*"

THERE was once a day—but old Time then was young,

That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung :
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine ?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would ;
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew ;
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
' Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue ! '

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn :
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd ; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand ;
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land.
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside ;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas and the dread of the shore ;
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore :
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arts could repel :
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

Theameleon savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life.
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood ;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run :

For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;

I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :

Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,

The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base ;

But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse ;

Then, *ergo*, she'll match them, and match them
always.

ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR,

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE
EARL OF MAR.

Tune—" *The Cameronian Rant.*"

'O CAM' ye here the fight to shun,

Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?

Or were you at the Sherra-muir,

And did the battle see, man ?'

I saw the battle sair and tough,

And reeking-red ran mony a sheugh,

My heart for fear gae sough for sough

To hear the thuds, and see the cluds

O' clans frae woods in tartan duds

Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,

To meet them were na slaw, man ;

They rush'd and push'd, and bluid out-gush'd,

And mony a bouk did fa', man :

And great Argyle led on his files,

I wat they glanced twenty miles :

They hack'd and slash'd, while broadswords clash'd,

And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,

Till fey men died awa', man.

But had you seen the philibegs,

And skyrin tartan trews, man,

When in the teeth they dared our Whigs

And Covenant true blues, man ;

In lines extended lang and large,

When bayonets opposed the targe,

And thousands hasten'd to the charge,

Wi' Highland wrath they from the sheath

Drew blades o' death, till, out of breath,

They fled like frightened doos, man.

'O how dèil, Tam, can that be true ?

The chase gaed frae the north, man :

I saw mysel', they did pursue

The horsemen back to Forth, man ;

And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
 But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
 For fear amaisht did swarf, man.'

My sister Kate cam' up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae guid-will
 That day their neebors' blood to spill;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
 And so it goes, you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Amang the Highland clans, man;
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
 But mony bade the world guid-night;
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell the Tories fell,
 And Whigs to hell did flee, man.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—" *Push about the Jorum.* "

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the loons beware, Sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, Sir,
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
 And Criffel sink to Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!
 Fal de ral, &c.

O let us not like snarling tykes
 In wrangling be divided;
 Till, slap, come in an unco loon,
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursel's united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted?
 Fal de ral, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't!
 Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it;
 By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it.

Fal de ral, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,
 Who'd set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be damned together!
 Who will not sing, 'God save the King,'
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing, 'God save the King,'
 We'll ne'er forget the people.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

Tune—"Morag."

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me
 As dew's o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming:
 O that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted;
 O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one
 But her thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted;
 O that's, &c.

CAPTAIN GROSE.

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo, and ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo, and ago,
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north?
Igo, and ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Igo, and ago,
And eaten like a wether haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo, and ago,
As for the deil, he daurna steer him.
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,
Igo, and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo, and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo, and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

WHISTLE OWRE THÈ LAVE O'T.

FIRST when Maggie was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

Meg was meek and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was Nature's child;
Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love and how we 'gree,
 I care na how few may see—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

O, ONCE I LOV'D A BONNIE LASS.

Tune—" *I am a Man unmarried.* "

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
 Ay, and I love her still,
 And whilst that virtue warms my breast
 I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
 And mony full as braw,
 But for a modest gracefu' mien,
 The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the e'e,
 But without some better qualities
 She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
 And what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complete,
 And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel:
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart,
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul!
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
 In a' our town or here awa';
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'!

He roos'd my e'en sae bonnie blue,
 He roos'd my waist sae gently sma';
 An' aye my heart came to my mou',
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.
 My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lea I look fu' fain
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
 An' aye the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he takes me a';
 An' aye he vows he'll be my ain
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destiny:
 M'Pherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows tree.

CHORUS.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He played a spring and danc'd it round
 Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
 On mony a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again!
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword!
 And there's no a man in all Scotland
 But I'll brave him at a word.
 Sae rantingly, &c.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
 I die by treachery:
 It burns my heart, I must depart
 And not avenged be.
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky!
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die!
 Sae rantingly, &c.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune—"The Dragon of Wantley."

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was number'd;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment the tenth remember'd.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire;
Which shows that heaven can boil the pot
Though the devil — in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had, in this case.
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision;
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may ye live and die,
Ye heretic eight-and-thirty!
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your Honours and a certain King,
In your servants this is striking—
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass,
And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree
When trystin'-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again!

I'LL KISS THEE YET.

Tune—" *The Braes o' Balquhiddar.*"

CHORUS.

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee o'er again,
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggie Alison!

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!
I'll kiss thee, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O,
I seek nae mair o' heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
I'll kiss thee, &c.

And by thy e'en sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O,
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!
I'll kiss thee, &c.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

Tune—" *If he be a Butcher neat and trim.*"

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
Could I describe her shape and mien;
Our lassies a' she far excels,
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

She's stately like yon youthful ash
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen :
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her rogueish e'en.

PRAYER FOR MARY.

Tune—" *Blue Bonnets.* "

POWERS celestial, whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care :
Let her form, sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own ;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast ;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest :
Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam ;
To realms unknown while Fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.

YOUNG PEGGY.

Tune—" *Last time I cam' o'er the Muir.* "

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning :
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has grac'd them ;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them :
Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins, wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her,
 As blooming Spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage Winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain
 Her winning powers to lessen;
 And fretful envy grins in vain
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,
 From ev'ry ill defend her;
 Inspire the highly favour'd youth
 The destinies intend her;
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame
 Responsive in each bosom;
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
 I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey:
 And as he was singing the tears fast down came—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
 We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yaird;
 It brak' the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
 But till my last moment my words are the same—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THERE WAS A LAD.

Tune—"Dainty Davie."

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But what'n a day, o' what'n a style,
 I doubt it's hardly worth my while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

CHORUS.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin.
 Robin was, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof—
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.
 Robin was, &c.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But aye a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit till us a'—
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
 Robin was, &c.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,
 I see by ilka score and line
 This chap will dearly like our kin',
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.
 Robin was, &c.

TO MARY.

Tune—"Ewe-bughts, Marion."

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore?
 Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across the Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
 And the apple on the pine;
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true,
 And sae may the Heavens forget me
 When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily-white hand;
 O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join,
 And curst be the cause that shall part us!
 The hour and the moment o' time!

MARY MORISON.

Tune—" *Bide ye yet.* "

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour;
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That make the miser's treasure poor;
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing—
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake would gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
 At least be pity to me shown!
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

THE SODGER'S RETURN.

Tune—" *The Mill, Mill O.* "

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning:
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth—
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder ;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy :
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy oft I've courted :
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my e'en was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be
That's nearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
I fain wad be thy lodger ;
I've serv'd my King and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger !

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever :
Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never ;
Our humble cot and hamely fare
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily ;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man ; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded !

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailin plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour;
 The brave, poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour o' danger.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

Tune—" *The Weaver and his Shuttle, O.*"

My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O,
 And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O;
 He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a
 farthing, O,
 For without an honest, manly heart, no man was
 worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did deter-
 mine, O;
 Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great
 was charming, O;
 My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my
 education, O—
 Resolv'd was I, at least to try, to mend my situa-
 tion, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted Fortune's
 favour, O;
 Some cause unseen still stepped between to frustrate
 each endeavour, O;
 Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd, sometimes by
 friends forsaken, O,
 And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst
 mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last with Fortune's
 vain delusion, O,
 I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to
 this conclusion, O:
 The past was bad and the future hid, its good or ill
 untried, O,
 But the present hour was in my power, and so I
 would enjoy it, O.

No help nor hope nor view had I, nor person to
 befriend me, O,
 So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to
 sustain me, O;

To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father
 bred me early, O,
 For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for
 Fortune fairly, O.
 Thus all obscure, unknown and poor, thro' life I'm
 doom'd to wander, O,
 Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting
 slumber, O;
 No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed
 me pain or sorrow, O—
 I live to-day as well's I may regardless of to-
 morrow, O.
 But cheerful still, I am as well as a monarch in a
 palace, O,
 Tho' Fortune's frown still hunts me down with all
 her wonted malice, O:
 I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make it
 farther, O,
 But as daily bread is all I need I do not much
 regard her, O.
 When sometimes by my labour I earn a little
 money, O,
 Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon
 me, O;
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-
 natur'd folly, O—
 But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be
 melancholy, O.
 All you who follow wealth and power, with unre-
 mitting ardour, O,
 The more in this you look for bliss you leave your
 view the farther, O;
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to
 adore you, O,
 A cheerful, honest-hearted clown I will prefer before
 you, O.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Tune—"Finlayston House."

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierc'd my darling's heart;
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart!
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonour'd laid;
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravish'd young ;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond, I bare my breast ;
 O, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest !

BONNIE LESLEY.

Tune—" *The Collier's Bonnie Dochter.*"

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley
 As she gaed o'er the border ?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever ;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley.
 Thy subjects we, before thee :
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, ' I canna wrang thee.'

The Powers aboon will tent thee ;
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee ;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

AMANG THE TREES.

Tune—" *The King of France, he rode a race.*"

AMANG the trees where humming bees
 At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
 And to her pipe was singing, O ;

'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
 She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
 When there cam a yell o' foreign squeals
 That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws and queer ha-ha's,
 They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
 The hungry bike did scrape and pike
 Till we were wae and weary, O:
 But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
 A prisoner aughteen year awa',
 He fir'd a fiddler in the north
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

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WHEN FIRST I CAME TO STEWART KYLE.

Tune—" *I had a horse and I had nae mair.*"

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
 My mind it wasna steady,
 Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
 A mistress still I had aye:
 But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
 Not dreading ony body,
 My heart was caught before I thought,
 And by a Mauchline lady.

ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,
 MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Air—" *Sensibility.*"

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
 But distress, with horrors arming,
 Thou hast also known too well!
 Fairest flower, behold the lily
 Blooming in the sunny ray:
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay.
 Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys;
 Hapless bird! a prey the surest
 To each pirate of the skies.
 Dearly bought the hidden treasure
 Finer feelings can bestow;
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY.

Tune—" *Galla Water.*"

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy,
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a Baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gi'e o' joy to me,
The sharin't wi' Montgomerie's Peggy.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest ;
When Willie, wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose ;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild-wanton kiss'd her rival breast ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace !
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace !
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake
On fear-inspired wings ;
So Nelly, starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs :

But Willie followed—as he should—
He overtook her in the wood :
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all, and good.

O RAGING FORTUNE'S WITHERING BLAST.

O RAGING Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O !
O raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O !

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O ;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O ;

But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O,
But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

EVAN BANKS.

Tune—" *Savourna Deelish.*"

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires :
To Evan Banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

Oh Banks, to me for ever dear !
Oh stream, whose murmurs still I hear !
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast ;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye :

Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline ?
Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde ?

Ye lofty Banks that Evan bound,
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below ;

What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
 All that on Evan's border springs !
 Sweet Banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side ;
 Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
 Atone for years in absence lost ?
 Return, ye moments of delight,
 With richer treasures bless my sight !

Swift from this desert let me part,
 And fly to meet a kindred heart !
 No more may aught my steps divide
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde !

WOMEN'S MINDS.

Tune—" *For a' that.*"

Tho' women's minds, like winter winds,
 May shift and turn, and a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that,
 The bonnie lass that I lo'e best
 She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
 Their humble slave, and a' that ;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.
 For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave
 Has wit, and sense, and a' that ;
 A bonnie lass, I like her best,
 And wha a crime dare ca' that ?
 For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love, and a' that ;
 But for how lang the flie may stang,
 Let inclination law that.
 For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;
 But clear your decks, and here's ' The Sex ! '
 I like the jades for a' that.
 For a' that, &c.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—" *Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.*"

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
 That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
 Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
 Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

TO MARY.

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
 Could artful numbers move thee,
 The Muse should tell in labour'd strains,
 O Mary, how I love thee!
 They who but feign a wounded heart
 May teach the lyre to languish;
 But what avails the pride of art
 When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
 The heart-felt pang discover ;
 And in the keen yet tender eye
 O read th' imploring lover !

For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains Art's gay disguising ;
 Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd,
 The voice of Nature prizing.

O LEAVE NOVELS.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
 Ye're safer at your spinning wheel ;
 Such witching books are baited hooks
 For rakish rooks like Rob Mossgiel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
 They make your youthful fancies reel,
 They heat your brains and fire your veins,
 And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
 A heart that warmly seems to feel ;
 That feeling heart but acts a part—
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poison'd darts of steel,
 The frank address and politesse
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.

You'RE welcome to despots, Dumourier ;
 You're welcome to despots, Dumourier ;
 How does Dampiere do ?
 Aye, and Bournonville too ?
 Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you,
 I will take my chance with you ;
 By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier !

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about,
 Till Freedom's spark is out,
 Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier.

SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee ;
Take a heart which he designs thee ;
As thy constant slave regard it ;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie ;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it !

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

A FRAGMENT.

THE winter it is past, and the simmer comes at last,
And the small birds sing on every tree ;
Now everything is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear
May have charms for the linnet or the bee ;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at
rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

FRAGMENT.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing ;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round her neck entwine her !
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew !
O, what a feast her bonnie mou' !
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner !

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

Tune—" *Captain O'Kean.*"

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale ;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale :

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
 No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice?
 A king and a father to place on his throne!
 His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find
 none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched forlorn,
 My brave, gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:
 Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
 The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a',
 Their carriage and dress a stranger would guess
 In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a';

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
 Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
 There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
 But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

THE TARBOLTON LASSES.

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap
 Ye'll there see bonnie Peggy;
 She kens her father is a laird,
 And she, forsooth, 's a leddy.

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
 Besides a handsome fortune:
 Wha canna win her in a night
 Has little art in courting.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
 And tak' a look o' Mysie;
 She's dour and din, a deil within,
 But aiblins she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try,
 Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny,
 If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense—
 She kens hersel' she's bonnie.

As ye gae up by yon hill-side,
Speer in for bonnie Bessy ;
She'll gi'e ye a beck, and bid ye light,
And handsomely address ye.

There's few sae bonnie, nane sae guid,
In a' King George' dominion ;
If ye should doubt the truth o' this—
It's Bessy's ain opinion !

TARBOLTON LASSES.

In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man ;
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,
Braid money to tocher them a', man ;
To proper young men he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
As bonnie a lass or as braw, man,
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man ;
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa', man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak' this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man ;
The laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa', man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed
For mair than a towmond or twa, man ;
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man :
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
She steals our affections awa', man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa', man,
The fau't wad be mine if they didna shine
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel', but darena weel tell,
 My poverty keeps me in awe, man,
 For making o' rhymes and working at times
 Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
 Nor hae't in her power to say na, man,
 For though I be poor, unnotic'd, obscure,
 My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
 And flee o'er the hills like a crow, man,
 I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
 Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest they are Scotch o' the best,
 O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man,
 And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
 And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
 Twal' hundred as white as the snaw, man;
 A ten shillings' hat, a Holland cravat—
 There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

I never had frien's weel stockit in means
 To leave me a hundred or twa, man;
 Nae weel-tocher'd aunts to wait on their drants,
 And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was canny for hoarding o' money,
 Or claughtin't together at a', man;
 I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
 But deevil a shilling I awe, man.

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HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

HERE's a health to them that's awa'.
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa'!
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan,
 Altho' that his band be but sma'.

May liberty meet wi' success !
 May prudence protect her frae evil !
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil !

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law !
 Here's pardon to him that wad read !
 Here's freedom to him that wad write !
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be
 heard
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
 Tho' bred among mountains o' snaw !
 Here's friends on both sides o' the Forth,
 And friends on both sides o' the Tweed ;
 And wha wad betray old Albion's rights,
 May they never eat o' her bread.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I AM my mammie's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir ;
 And if I gang to your house,
 I'm fley'd 'twad mak me eerie, Sir.

CHORUS.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
 I'm owre young to marry yet ;
 I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin
 To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir ;
 And you an' I in wedlock's bands,
 In troth I dare na venture, Sir.
 I'm owre young, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir,
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
 I'm owre young, &c.

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

CHORUS.

O aye my wife she dang me,
 An' aft my wife did bang me;
 If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
 Guid faith she'll soon o'ergang ye.

ON peace and rest my mind was bent,
 And fool I was I married;
 But never honest man's intent
 As cursedly miscarried.

Some sa'r o' comfort still at last,
 When a' their days are done, man;
 My pains o' hell on earth are past,
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
 O aye my wife, &c.

BONNIE PEG.

As I came in by our gate end,
 As day was waxin' weary,
 O wha came tripping down the street
 But bonnie Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
 Wi' nae proportion wanting;
 The Queen of Love did never move
 Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linked hands we took the sands
 Adown yon winding river;
 And, oh! that hour and broomy bower,
 Can I forget it ever?

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

CHORUS.

O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

A SLAVE to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be my ain.
 O lay thy loof, &c.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

O GUID ALE COMES.

CHORUS.

O guid ale comes, and good ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I HAD sax owsen in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel eneugh,
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

O WHY THE DEUCE.

EXTEMPORE.

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill forboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger.
I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it's gane and something mair—
I'll go and be a sodger.

POLLY STEWART.

Tune—"Ye're Welcome, Charlie Stewart."

CHORUS.

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.

THE flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gi'e to Polly Stewart.

May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart.
O lovely, &c.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS.

Robin shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him,
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.

I GAED up to Dunse
 To warp a wab o' plaiden;
 At his daddie's yett
 Wha met me but Robin?

Wasna Robin bauld,
 Tho' I was a cottar;
 Play'd me sic a trick,
 And me the eller's dochter?

Robin promis'd me
 A' my winter vittle;
 Fient haet he had but three
 Goose feathers and a whittle.
 Robin shure, &c.

THE FIVE CARLINS.

AN ELECTION BALLAD. 1789.

Tune—"Chevy Chase."

THERE were five carlins in the south,
 They fell upon a scheme
 To send a lad to Lon'on town
 To bring us tidings hame.

Not only bring us tidings hame,
 But do our errands there,
 And aiblins gowd and honour baith
 Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggie by the banks o' Nith,
 A dame wi' pride eneugh;
 And Marjory o' the Mony Lochs,
 A carlin auld and tough.

And Blinkin' Bess o' Annandale,
 That dwells near Solway-side,
 And Whisky Jean that took her gill
 In Galloway so wide.

And auld Black Joan frae Creighton Peel,
 O' gipsy kith an' kin,
 Five wighter carlins were na foun'
 The south kintra within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town
They met upon a day,
And mony a knight and mony a laird
That errand fain would gae.

O mony a knight and mony a laird
This errand fain would gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted knight,
Bred o' a Border clan,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withstan' :

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lon'on Court
Wad bid to him guid day.

Then neist came in a sodger youth,
And spak wi' modest grace,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gift,
No meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now wham to choose and wham refuse,
To strife thae carlins fell;
For some had gentle folk to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
An' she spak out wi' pride,
An' she wad send the sodger youth
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on Court
She didna care a pin,
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale:
A deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she wad vote the Border knight,
Tho' she should vote her lane.

For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
An' fools o' change are fain:
But I hae tried the Border knight—
I'll try him yet again.

Says auld Black Joan frae Creighton Peel,
 A carlin stoor and grim,
 The auld guidman, or young guidman,
 For me may sink or swim !

For fools may freit o' right and wrang,
 While knaves laugh them to scorn ;
 But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
 Sae he shall bear the horn.

Then Whisky Jean spak o'er her drink :
 Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
 The auld guidman o' Lon'on Court
 His back's been at the wa'.

And mony a friend that kiss'd his caup
 Is now a fremit wight ;
 But it's ne'er sae wi' Whisky Jean—
 We'll send the Border knight.

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
 And wrinkled was her brow ;
 Her ancient weed was russet gray,
 Her auld Scots bluid was true.

There's some great folks set light by me—
 I set as light by them ;
 But I will send to Lon'on town
 Wha I lo'e best at hame.

So how this weighty plea will end
 Nae mortal wight can tell ;
 God grant the King and ilka man
 May look weel to himsel' !

THE UNION.

Tune—" *Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation.*"

FAREWELL to a' our Scottish fame !
 Farewell our ancient glory !
 Farewell even to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd in martial story !
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What guile or force could not subdue,
 Through many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors' wages.

The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station,
 But English gold has been our bane—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, ere I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld gray head had lain in clay
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
 But, pith and power, till my last hour
 I'll mak this declaration,
 We're bought and sold for English gold—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—"Johnny M'Gill."

O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
 I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly:
 But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

WEE WILLIE.

Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet,
 Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket:
 The rose upon the briar will be him trouse and
 doublet,
 The rose upon the briar will be him trouse and
 doublet.

Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet,
 Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat:
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

CHORUS.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
 And O to be lying beyond thee;
 O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
 That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

SWEET closes the evening on Craigieburn wood,
 And blythely awakens the morrow;
 But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn wood
 Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.
 Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But pleasure they hae nane for me,
 While care my heart is wringing.
 Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
 I darena for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart
 If I conceal it langer.
 Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonnie;
 But oh, what will my torments be
 If thou refuse thy Johnnie?
 Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen—
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
 Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say thou lo'es nane before me;
 An' a' my days o' life to come
 I'll gratefully adore thee.
 Beyond thee, &c.

LADY ONLIE.

Tune—" *Ruffian's Rant.*"

A' the lads o' Thorniebank,
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
 They'll step in an' tak a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews good ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sale for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty chucky;
 And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
 Of Ladie Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Lady Onlie, &c.

AS I WAS A-WAND'RING.

Tune—" *Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh.*"

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were making their
 game;

Amang them I spied my faithless, fause lover,
 Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him;
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleeping till dawnin' for greetin',
 The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain;
 Had I na got greetin' my heart wad hae broken,
 For, oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi'
 him,

I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither—
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

Tune—" *The Killogie.*"

BANNOCKS o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley;
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley,
 Wha in a brulzie
 Will first cry a parley?
 Never the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley;
 Here's to the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley;
 Wha in his wae-days
 Were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley.

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISHED FRESH AND FAIR.

Tune—"Awa', Whigs, awa'."

CHORUS.

Awa', Whigs, awa' !

Awa', Whigs, awa' !

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns—

Ye'll do nae guid at a'.

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloom'd our roses ;
But Whigs came like a frost in June
And wither'd a' our posies.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust—
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't ;
And write their names in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my describing ;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done with thriving.

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken ;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

Tune—"O'er the Water to Charlie."

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;
I'll gi'e John Ross another bawbee
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Tho' some there be abhor him :
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him !

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.

BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.

Tune—" *Galla Water.*"

CHORUS.

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
O braw lads of Galla Water !
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

SAE fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonnie blue her e'en, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Tune—" *Coming through the Rye.*"

COMING through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She's draiglet a' her petticoatie
Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the world ken?

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall,
For the lands of Virginia, O:

Torn from the lovely shore, and must never see it
more,

And, alas! I am weary, weary, O.

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow or frost,
Like the lands of Virginia, O;

There streams forever flow, and there flowers forever
blow,

And, alas! I am weary, weary, O.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I
fear,

In the lands of Virginia, O;

And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter,
bitter tear,

And, alas! I am weary, weary, O.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY
BONNIE LASS.

Tune—"Loggan Burn."

HERE's to thy health, my bonnie lass,

Gude night, and joy be wi' thee;

I'll come nae mair to thy bower door

To tell thee that I lo'e thee.

O dinna think, my pretty pink,

But I can live without thee:

I vow and swear I dinna care

How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me

Thou hast nae mind to marry;

I'll be as free informing thee

Nae time hae I to tarry.

I ken thy friends try ilka means

Frae wedlock to delay thee,

Depending on some higher chance—

But Fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,

But that does never grieve me;

But I'm as free as any he—

Sma' siller will relieve me.

I count my health my greatest wealth,

Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:

I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,

As lang's I get employment.

But far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
 And aye until ye try them :
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care—
 They may prove waur than I am.
 But at twal' at night, when the moon shines bright.
 My dear, I'll come and see thee ;
 For the man that lo'es his mistress weel
 Nae travel makes him weary.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

Tune—" *The Dusty Miller.*"

HEY, the dusty miller
 And his dusty coat ;
 He will win a shilling,
 Or he spend a groat.
 Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the colour,
 Dusty was the kiss
 That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty sack ;
 Leeze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck—
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty siller ;
 I wad gi'e my coatie
 For the dusty miller.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

Tune—" *Maggie Lauder.*"

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
 The fourteenth of November ;
 She made me weary of my life,
 By one unruly member.
 Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
 And many griefs attended ;
 But, to my comfort be it spoke,
 Now, now her life is ended.
 We lived full one-and-twenty years
 A man and wife together ;
 At length from me her course she steer'd.
 And gone I know not whither :
 Would I could guess, I do profess !
 I speak, and do not flatter,
 Of all the women in the world,
 I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave does hide her ;
 But sure her soul is not in hell—
 The de'il wad ne'er abide her.
 I rather think she is aloft,
 And imitating thunder;
 For why,—methinks I hear her voice
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY.

Tune—" *The Ruffian's Rant.*"

In coming by the brig o' Dye,
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
 As day was dawin' in the sky
 We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
 Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
 Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary;
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her e'en sae bright, her brow sae white,
 Her haffet locks as brown's a berry,
 An' ay they dimpl'd wi' a smile,
 The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.

We lap an' danc'd the lee-lang day,
 Till piper lads were wae and weary,
 But Charlie gat the spring to pay
 For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

THE FAREWELL.

Tune—" *It was a' for our Rightfu' King.*"

It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We left fair Scotland's strand;
 It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We e'er saw Irish land,
 My dear;
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain;
 My love and native land, farewell!
 For I maun cross the main,
 My dear;
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about
 Upon the Irish shore ;
 And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
 With adieu for evermore,
 My dear ;
 With adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again,
 My dear ;
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa'
 The lee-lang night, and weep,
 My dear ;
 The lee-lang night and weep.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

Tune—" *The Maid's Complaint.*"

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face
 Nor shape that I admire,
 Although thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.
 Something in ilka part o' thee
 To praise, to love, I find ;
 But dear as is thy form to me
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than if I canna mak' thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee :
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Tune—" *Lady Badinscoth's Reel.*"

My love she's but a lassie yet,
 My love she's but a lassie yet ;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O!
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

LOVELY DAVIES.

Tune—"Miss Muir."

O how shall I, unskilfu', try
 The poet's occupation,
 The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whisper inspiration?
 Even they maun dare an effort mair
 Then aught they ever gave us,
 Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers when she appears,
 Like Phœbus in the morning,
 When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
 The garden is adorning.
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
 When winter-bound the wave is,
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part
 Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
 That maks us mair than princes;
 A sceptred hand, a king's command
 Is in her darting glances.
 The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the rein
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme
 Her feeble powers surrender;
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour:
 I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is;
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'.

Tune—" *O Kenmure's on and awa'.*"

O KENMURE's on and awa', Willie,
 O Kenmure's on and awa'!
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.
 Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
 Success to Kenmure's band;
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.
 O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
 O Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—
 And that their faes shall ken.
 They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
 They'll live or die wi' fame;
 But soon, wi' sounding victory,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.
 Here's him that's far awa', Willie!
 Here's him that's far awa';
 And here's the flower that I love best—
 The rose that's like the snaw!

LADY MARY ANN.

Tune—" *Craigton's Growing.*"

O, Lady Mary Ann
 Looks o'er the castle wa',
 She saw three bonnie boys
 Playing at the ba';
 The youngest he was
 The flower among them a';
 My bonnie laddie's young,
 But he's growin' yet.
 O father! O father!
 An' ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year
 To the college yet:
 We'll sew a green ribbon
 Round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken
 He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann

Was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell
And bonnie was its hue!
And the langer it blossom'd
The sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud
Will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran

Was the sprout o' an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin'
And straught was its make:
The sun took delight
To shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag
O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane

When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa'
That we hae seen:
But far better days
I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

OH! I am come to the low country,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och on, och-on, och-rie!
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest lad,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam' at last,
 Sae far to set us free ;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
 Right to the wrang did yield :
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden's field.

Oh ! I am come to the low country,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Nae woman in the world wide
 Sae wretched now as me.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

Tune—" *Rattlin', Roarin' Willie.*"

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
 O he held to the fair,
 An' to sell his fiddle,
 And buy some other ware ;
 But partin' wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blin't his e'e ;
 And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine ;
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine !
 If I should sell my fiddle
 The warl' would think I was mad,
 For mony a rantin' day
 My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannily keekit ben—
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie
 Was sittin' at yon board en',
 Sittin' at yon board en',
 And amang guid company ;
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

O MALLY's meek, Mally's sweet,
 Mally's modest and discreet ;
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
 Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
 A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet,
 But O the road was very hard
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.
 O Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
 Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
 And 'twere more fit that she should sit
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.
 O Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
 Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
 And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
 O Mally's meek, &c.

SAE FAR AWA'.

Tune—"Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

O SAD and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake sae far awa';
 Unknowing what my way may thwart
 My native land sae far awa'.
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That form'd this fair sae far awa',
 Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her, sae far awa':
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh! she is sae far awa'.
 Nane other love, nane other dart
 I feel but her's, sae far awa';
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than her's, the fair sae far awa'.

O, WHARE DID YE GET?

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

O, WHARE did ye get that hauver meal bannock?
 O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?
 I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
 Between St. Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
 O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
 Aft has he doudled me on his knee;
 May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
 And send him safe hame to his baby and me!

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e bree!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me!
But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear;
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak' thee a man like thy daddie dear.

THE FETE CHAMPETRE.

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

O WHA will to St. Stephen's house,
To do our errands there, man?
O wha will to St. Stephen's house,
O' th' merry lads o' Ayr, man?
Or will we send a man o' law?
Or will we send a sodger?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man!
Ane gi'es them coin, ane gi'es them wine,
Anither gi'es them clatter;
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
He gi'es a Fete Champetre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The gay green woods amang, man;
Where gathering flowers and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man;
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter,
As theirs alone, the patent bliss,
To hold a Fete Champetre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man;
She summon'd every social sprite
That sports by wood or water,
On the bonnie banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fete Champetre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
 Were bound to stakes like kye, man;
 And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
 Clamb up the starry sky, man:
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
 Or down the current shatter;
 The western breeze steals through the trees
 To view this Fete Champetre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats!
 What sparkling jewels glance, man!
 To Harmony's enchanting notes,
 As moves the mazy dance, man!
 The echoing wood, the winding flood,
 Like Paradise did glitter,
 When angels met, at Adam's yett,
 To hold their Fete Champetre.

When Politics came there to mix
 And make his ether-stane, man!
 He circled round the magic ground,
 But entrance found he nane, man:
 He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
 Forswore it, every letter,
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share
 This festive Fete Champetre.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

Tune—"Aye Waukin', O."

SIMMER's a pleasant time,
 Flow'rs of ev'ry colour;
 The water rins o'er the heugh,
 And I long for my true lover.
 Aye waukin', O,
 Waukin' still and wearie:
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin';
 I think on my bonnie lad
 And I bleer my e'en with greetin'.

THE BLUDE-RED ROSE AT YULE
MAY BLAW.Tune—" *To daunton me.*"

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd e'e—
That auld man shall never daunton me.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Tune—" *If thou'lt play me fair play.*"

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.
Glory, Honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For Freedom and my King to fight,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 Go, for yoursel' procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful King his crown,
 Bonnie Highland laddie!

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
 Are coming o'er the Border,
 And they'll gae bigg Terregles towers,
 An' set them a' in order.
 And they declare Terregles fair,
 For their abode they choose it;
 There's no a heart in a' the land
 But's lighter at the news o't.
 Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather;
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather:
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyful morrow;
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Farewell our night o' sorrow!

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

Tune—" *Kellyburn Braes.*"

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn braes
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.
 Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 He met wi' the Devil; says, 'How do you fen?'
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.
 'I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint'
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 'For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;'
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.
 'It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave'
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 'But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have;'
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

'O welcome, most kindly,' the blythe carle said
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
'But if ye can match her, ye're waur nor ye're ca'd;'
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Syne bade her gae in, for a b—h and a w—e;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Turn on her guard in the clap of a hand;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed through them like ony wud bear
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme);
Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee Devil looks over the wa'
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
'O, help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a';'
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his knife
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He was not in wedlock, thank heav'n, but in hell;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And to her auld husband he's carried her back;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

'I hae been a Devil the feck o' my life'
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
'But ne'er was in hell till I met with a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

THERE WAS A LASS.

Tune—"Duncan Davison."

THERE was a lass they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moors to spin;
 There was a lad that followed her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
 The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
 Her favour Duncan couldna win;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
 And aye she set the wheel between:
 But Duncan swore a haly aith,
 That Meg should be a bride the morn;
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
 And flung them a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house—
 And we will live like King and Queen,
 Sae blythe and merry we will be
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
 A man may drink and no be drunk;
 A man may fight and no be slain;
 A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
 And aye be welcome back again.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Tune—"The Weary Pund o' Tow."

CHORUS.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint
 As guid as e'er did grow;
 And a' that she has made o' that
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole
 Beyond the ingle lowe,
 And aye she took the tither souk
 To drouk the stowrie tow!

Quoth I, 'For shame, ye dirty dame
Gae spin your tap o' tow!'
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Tune—"Up wi' the Ploughman."

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo.
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

CHORUS.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary;
Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie!
Then up wi't a', &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak' my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.
Then up wi't a', &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at St. Johnston—
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.
Then up wi't a', &c.

Snaw-white stockin's on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A guid blue bonnet on his head,
And O but he was handsome!
Then up wi't a', &c.

Commend me to the barn-yard,
And the corn-mou', man;
I never gat my cogie fou'
Till I met wi' the ploughman.
Then up wi't a', &c.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

Tune—"Hey, ca' thro'."

Up wi' the carles of Dysart,
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo,
 And the lasses o' Leven.
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.
 We'll live a' our days,
 And them that come behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win.

MY HOGGIE.

Tune—"What will I do gin my Hoggie die?"

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?
 My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
 My only beast, I had nae mae,
 And wow but I was vogie!

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
 Me and my faithfu' doggie;
 We heard nought but the roaring linn
 Amang the braes sae scroggie.

But the howlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
 The blitter frae the boggie,
 The tod reply'd upon the hill—
 I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crow,
 The morning it was foggie;
 An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
 And maist has kill'd my hoggie.

WHARE HAE YE BEEN?

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
 O whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?

An ye had been whare I hae been,
 Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;
 An ye had seen what I had seen
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
 At hame I fought my auntie, O;
 But I met the devil an' Dundee
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
 The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 An' Clavers got a clankie, O;
 Or I had fed an Athole gled
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

THE HERON BALLADS.

FIRST BALLAD.

WHOM will you send to London town,
 To Parliament, and a' that?
 Or wha in a' the country round
 The best deserves to fa' that?
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Thro' Galloway, an' a' that!
 Where is the laird or belted knight
 That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
 And wha is't never saw that?
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree meets
 And has a doubt of a' that?
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent patriot,
 The honest man, an' a' that.

Tho' wit and worth in either sex
 St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
 Wi' dukes an' lords let Selkirk mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk,
 And is't against the law that?
 For why, a lord may be a gouk,
 Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A lord may be a lousy loon,
 Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
 Wi' uncle's purse, an' a' that;
 But we'll hae ane frae mang oursel's,
 A man we ken, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 For we're not to be bought an' sold
 Like naigs, an' nowt, an' a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, an' a' that,
 Our representative to be,
 For weel he's worthy a' that,
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A House of Commons such as he,
 They would be blest that saw that.

THE ELECTION.

SECOND BALLAD.

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
 For there will be bickerin' there;
 For Murray's light-horse are to muster,
 And O, how the heroes will swear!
 An' there will be Murray commander,
 And Gordon the battle to win;
 Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
 Sae knit in alliance an' kin.

An' there will be black-lippit Johnnie,
 The tongue o' the trump to them a';
 An he get na hell for his haddin'
 The deil gets nae justice ava';
 An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,
 A boy no sae black at the bane,
 But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let the subject alane.

An' there will be Wigton's new sheriff,
 Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,
 She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
 But, Lord, what's become o' the head?
 An' there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
 A wight that will weather damnation,
 For the devil the prey will despise.

An' there will be Douglasses doughty,
 New christ'ning towns far and near!
 Abjuring their democrat doings,
 By kissing the — o' a peer;

An' there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous,
Whose honour is proof to the storm,
To save them from stark reprobation
He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle—

The body e'en let him escape !
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.
An' where is our King's lord lieutenant,
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return ?
The billie is gettin' his questions
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

An' there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead wha's as good as he's true ;
An' there will be Buittle's apostle,
Wha's more o' the black than the blue ;
An' there will be folk from St. Mary's,
A house o' great merit and note,
The deil ane but honours them highly—
The deil ane will gi'e them his vote !

An' there will be wealthy young Richard,
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck ;
For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing—
His merit has won him respect ;
An' there will be rich brother nabobs,
Though nabobs, yet men of the first ;
An' there will be Collieston's whiskers,
An' Quintin, o' lads not the worst.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie,
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram ;
An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,
An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam ;
An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
Whose honour was ever his law,
If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.

An' can we forget the auld Major,
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys ;
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,
Him only 'tis justice to praise.
An' there will be maiden Kilkerran,
And also Barskimming's gude knight ;
An' there will be roarin' Birtwhistle,
Wha, luckily, roars in the right.

An' there, frae the Niddesdale's borders,
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves :
Tough Johnnie, staunch Geordie, an' Wattie,
That griens for the fishes an' loaves ;

An' there will be Logan MacDowall,
 Scauldudd'ry an' he will be there,
 An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
 An' hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
 An' hey for the sanctified Murray,
 Our land who wi' chapels has stor'd;
 He founder'd his horse among harlots,
 But gi'ed the auld naig to the Lord.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

THIRD BALLAD. (MAY, 1796.)

Wha will buy my troggin,
 Fine election ware;
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair.
 Buy braw troggin,
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's
 Fame and high renown,
 For an auld sang—
 It's thought the gudes were stown.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton
 In a needle's e'e;
 Here's a reputation
 Tint by Balmaghie.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience
 Might a prince adorn;
 Frae the downs o' Tinwald—
 So was never worn.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's its stuff and lining,
 Cardoness' head;
 Fine for a sodger
 A' the wale o' lead.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset
 Buittles scrap o' truth,
 Pawn'd in a gin-shop
 Quenching holy drouth.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings
 Frae the manse o' Urr;
 The crest, an auld crab-apple,
 Rotten at the core.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture,
 Like a bizzard gled,
 Pouncing poor Redcastle
 Sprawlin' as a taed.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom
 Collieston can boast;
 By a thievish midge
 They had been nearly lost.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments
 O' the ten commands,
 Gifted by black Jock
 To get them aff his hands.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
 If to buy ye're slack,
 Hornie's turnin' chapman—
 He'll buy a' the pack.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION

Tune—"The Babes in the Wood."

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year
 O' grace and ninety-five,
 That year I was the wae'est man
 O' ony man alive.

In March the three-and-twentieth morn,
 The sun rose clear and bright;
 But oh I was a waefu' man
 Ere to-fa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
 Wi' equal right and fame,
 And thereto was his kinsman join'd,
 The Murray's noble name.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
 Made me the judge o' strife;
 But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
 And eke my hangman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonnie Dee,
 Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
 The Stewart and the Murray there
 Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray on the auld gray yaud
 Wi' winged spurs did ride,
 That auld gray yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade,
 He staw upon Nidside.

An' there had na been the Yerl himsel',
 O there had been nae play;
 But Garlies was to London gane,
 And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
 In front rank he wad shine;
 But Balmaghie had better been
 Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenkens came to our aid
 A chief o' doughty deed;
 In case that worth should wanted be,
 O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
 And Buittle was na slack;
 Whase haly priesthood nane can stain—
 For wha can dye the black?

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness
 Look'd on till a' was done;
 Sae in the tower o' Cardoness
 A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushby clan,
 My gamesome billie Will;
 And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
 My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name
 We set nought to their score,
 The Douglas and the Heron's name
 Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
 The pair o' lusty lairds,
 For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
 And christening kail-yairds.

And there Redcastle drew his sword
That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore,
Save on a wanderer lame and blind,
To drive him from his door.

And last came creeping Collieston,
Was mair in fear than wrath;
Ae knave was constant in his mind,
To keep that knave frae skaith.

YE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

Tune—"Shawnboy."

YE sons of Old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation;
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honour'd station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the ton of your fashion;
A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse—
'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide
Who mark'd each element's border;
Who form'd this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order;
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

Tune—"Ye Jacobites by Name."

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fau'ts I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—
You shall hear.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the
law?
What is right and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm and a strang
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife fam'd afar, fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife?

To whet the assassin's knife,

Or hunt a parent's life

Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone in the state, in the state

Then let your schemes alone in the state;

Then let your schemes alone,

Adore the rising sun,

And leave a man undone

To his fate.

KATHARINE JAFFRAY.

THERE liv'd a lass in yonder dale,

And down in yonder glen, O;

And Katharine Jaffray was her name,

Weel known to many men, O.

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale

Out frae the south country, O,

All for to court this pretty maid,

Her bridegroom for to be, O.

He's tell'd her father and mother baith,

As I hear sindry say, O;

But he has na tell'd the lass hersel'

Till on her wedding day, O.

Then came the Laird o' Lochinton

Out frae the English border,

All for to court this pretty maid,

All mounted in good order.

THE COLLIER LADDIE.

O WHERE live ye, my bonnie lass,

And tell me how they ca' ye?

My name, she says, is Mistress Jean

And I follow my collier laddie.

O see ye not yon hills and dales

The sun shines on sae brawlie:

They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,

If ye'll leave your collier laddie.

And ye shall gang in rich attire,

Weel buskit up fu' gaudy;

And ane to wait at every hand,

If ye'll leave your collier laddie.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;
I would turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my collier laddie.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spend it at night full brawlie;
I can mak my bed in the collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my collier laddie.

Love for love is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fare fa' my collier laddie.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

Tune—" *The Carlin o' the Glen.*"

Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
And reign'd resistless King of Love:
But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays amang the woods and briers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves
His sad complaining dowie raves:

I wha sae late did range and rove,
And changed with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear;
The slighted maids my torment see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!

THE HEATHER WAS BLOOMING.

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting, ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonnie moor-hen.

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
 Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
 Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring,
 And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing.

I rede, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peep'd o'er the hill,
 In spite at her plumage he tried his skill:
 He levell'd his rays where she basked on the brae—
 His rays were outshone, and but marked where she
 lay.

I rede, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill—
 The best of our lads wi' the best of their skill;
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
 Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.

I rede, &c.

WAE IS MY HEART.

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
 Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me:
 Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
 And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved;
 Love thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved:
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
 I can feel its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O if I were where I happy hae been;
 Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle green;
 For there he is wandering and musing on me,
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

EPPIE M'NAB.

O SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
 She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
 Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
 Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
 And forever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

AN' O MY EPPIE.

An' O my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie !
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?
 By love and by beauty,
 By law and by duty,
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair !

An' O my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie !
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?
 A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair ?

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN
 MARRIED.

O THAT I had ne'er been married
 I wad never had nae care ;
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 An' they cry crowdie ever mair.
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day ;
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
 Glowrin' by the hallen en' ;
 Sair I fecht them at the door,
 But aye I'm eerie they come ben.
 Ance crowdie, &c.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND
 I LOVE.

FRAE the friends and land I love,
 Driven by Fortune's felly spite,
 Frae my best belov'd I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight ;

Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care :
 When remembrance wrecks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore ;
 Till revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banish'd hame again ;
 And ilka loyal, bonnie lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

ELECTION BALLAD, 1789.

Tune—" *Up and waur them a'.*"

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie,
 But he'll sair them as he sair'd the king—
 Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.
 Up and waur them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a' ;
 The Johnstons hae the guidin' o't,
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'.

The day he stood his country's friend,
 Or gi'ed her faes a claw, Jamie,
 Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
 That day the duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, his country's boast ?
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie ;
 There's no a callant tents the kye
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirk,
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie ;
 And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
 And we'll be Johnstons a', Jamie.

THE BONNIE LASS OF ALBANY.

Tune—" *Mary's Dream.*"

My heart is wae, and unco wae,
 To think upon the raging sea
 That roars between her gardens green
 And the bonnie lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three,
But oh, alas, for her bonnie face,
They hae wrang'd the lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree,
And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the lass of Albany.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be;
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas, the day, and woe the day!
A false usurper wan the gree,
Who now commands the towers and lands—
The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
The time may come, with pipe and drum
We'll welcome home fair Albany.

SONG.

Tune—"Maggy Lauder."

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
I couldna tell what ailed me,
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
My e'en they almost fail'd me.
She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
All grace does round her hover,
Ae look depriv'd me o' my heart,
And I became a lover.
She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay,
She's aye sae blythe and cheery;
She's aye sae bonnie, blythe and gay,
O gin I were her dearie.

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
Or humbler bays entwining—
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet
Could I but hope to move her,
And prouder then a belted knight
I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
She's aye, aye sae blythe, &c.

But sair I fear some happier swain
 Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour :
 If so, may every bliss be hers,
 Tho' I maun never have her :
 But gang she east, or gang she west,
 'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
 While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
 She'll always find a lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blythe, &c.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

Tune—" *Jacky Latin.* "

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
 O gat ye me wi' naething !
 Rock and reel, and spinin' wheel,
 A mickle quarter basin.
 Bye attour, my gatcher has
 A heigh house and a laigh ane ;
 A' forbye, my bonnie sel',
 The toast of Ecclefechan.
 O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
 O haud yer tongue and jauner ;
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander :
 I tint my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure ;
 But your green graff, now, Lucky Laing,
 Wad airt me to my treasure.

THE CARDIN' O'T.

Tune—" *Salt Fish and Dumplings.* "

I cort a stane o' haslock woo',
 To make a coat to Johnny o't ;
 For Johnny is my only jo—
 I lo'e him best of ony yet.
 The cardin' o't, the spinin' o't ;
 The warpin' o't, the winin' o't ;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin' o't.
 For though his locks be lyart grey,
 And though his brow be beld aboon ;
 Yet I hae seen him on a day
 The pride of a' the parishen.
 The cardin' o't, the spinin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winin' o't ;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin' o't.

THE TITHER MORN.

THE tither morn,
 When I, forlorn,
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,
 I didna trow
 I'd see my jo,
 Beside me, gin the gloaming.
 But he sae trig
 Lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtingly did cheer me,
 When I, what reck,
 Did least expect',
 To see my lad so near me.
 His bonnet he,
 A thought ajee,
 Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
 And I, I wat,
 Wi' fainness grat,
 While in his grips he pressed me.
 Deil tak' the war!
 I late and air,
 Hae wish'd since Jock departed:
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad,
 As short syne broken-hearted.
 Fu' aft at e'en
 Wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blythe and merry,
 I car'd na by,
 Sae sad was I
 In absence o' my dearie.
 But, praise be blest,
 My mind's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny;
 At kirk and fair,
 I'se aye be there,
 And be as canty's ony.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN'.

Tune—"Hey tutti, taiti."

LANDLADY, count the lawin',
 The day is near the dawin':
 Ye're a' blin' drunk, boys,
 And I'm but jolly fou.
 Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti—
 Wha's fou now?

Cog, an ye were aye fou,
 Cog, an ye were aye fou,
 I wad sit and sing to you
 If ye were aye fou.

Weel may ye a' be !
 Ill may ye never see !
 God bless the king, boys,
 And the companie !
 Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti—
 Wha's fou now ?

PEG-A-RAMSEY.

Tune—" *Cauld is the e'enin' blast.*"

CAULD is the e'enin' blast
 O' Boreas o'er the pool,
 And dawin' it is dreary
 When birks are bare at Yule.

O bitter blaws the e'enin' blast
 When bitter bites the frost,
 And in the mirk and dreary drift
 The hills and glens are lost.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
 That drifted o'er the hill,
 But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsey
 Gat grist to her mill.



GLOSSARY.

THE following rules should be noted regarding the distinctions between English and Scottish orthography in words which are originally the same, having only one letter changed for another, or sometimes a letter taken away or added.

1. In many words ending with an *l* after an *a*, *o*, or *u*, the letter *l* is rarely sounded; thus *all*=*a'*; *call*=*ca'*; *small*=*sma'*; *false*=*fause*; *malt*=*maut*; *full*=*fu'*; *pull*=*pu'*; etc.

2. The *l* changes to a *w* or *u* after *a* or *o*, and is frequently dropped before another consonant; thus *balm*=*bawm*; *balk*=*bauk*; *boll*=*bow*; *poll*=*pow*; etc.

3. An *o* before *ld* changes to *a* or *au*; thus *old*=*auld*; *bold*=*bauld*; *cold*=*cauld*; *told*=*tauld*; etc.

4. The *o*, *oe*, *ow* are changed to *a*, *ae*, *ai*; thus *off*=*aff*; *toe*=*tae*; *own*=*ain*; *cloth*=*claiith*; *most*=*maist*; *song*=*sang*; etc.

5. The *o* or *u* are frequently changed into *i*; thus *another*=*anither*; *brother*=*brither*; *foot*=*fit*; *honey*=*hinney*; *nuts*=*nits*; *run*=*rin*; etc.

ABEIGH, at shy distance.
ABREAD, abroad, in sight.
ABREED, in breadth.
ADLE, putrid water.
AFF LOOF, off hand.
AGLEY, off the straight.
AIBLINS, perhaps.
AIK, oak.
AIRL-PENNY, AIRLES, earnest-money.
AIRN, iron.
AIRT, *v.* direct; *n.* direction.
AITH, oath.
AITS, oats.
AIVER, old horse.
AIZLE, hot cinder.
ALAKE, alas!
AN', and, if.
ASE, ashes.
ASKLENT, aslant.
AUGHT, possession.
AULDFARRANT, sagacious, prudent.
AULD LANG SYNE, days of old.
AULD SHOON, old shoes; discarded lover.

AUMOUS, alms.
AUMOUS-DISH, church collection plate for poor.
AUMRY, close cupboard.
AVA, at all.
AWN, beard of barley, etc.
AWNIE, bearded.
BACKET, BAIKEY, wooden coal scuttle.
BACKETS, ash boards.
BACKLINS, backwards.
BAIDE, endured, did stay.
BAGGIE, belly.
BAINIE, with large bones.
BAIRNTIME, family, brood.
BANG, *v.* beat, excel; *n.* blow, great number.
BANNOCKS, bread (round and thicker than cake).
BARLEY - BREE, malt-liquor, ale or beer.
BATTS, botts, colic (disease of horses).
BAUCHIE-BIRD, bat.
BAUDRONS, cat.

- BAWK, bauk, strip of unploughed land.
 BAW'S'NT, with a white stripe down the face.
 BEAR, barley.
 BEDESMAN, one who prays for or to, poor pensioner.
 BEEK, bask.
 BEET, add fuel to fire.
 BEGOD, began.
 BEGUNK, cheat, trick.
 BELD, bald.
 BELYVE, by and by.
 BEN, spence or parlour, inner apartment.
 BENMOST BORE, innermost hole.
 BENISON, blessing.
 BENT, kind of grass; TA'EN THE BENT, run away.
 BETHANKIT, grace after meat.
 BICKER, wooden dish; short race.
 BIDE, stay, endure.
 BIE, BIELD, shelter.
 BIEN, wealthy, comfortable.
 BIG, build.
 BIGGONET, linen cap or coif.
 BILLIE, brother, young fellow.
 BIRKEN-SHAW, birchenwood-shaw.
 BIRKIE, forward, lively fellow.
 BIRLE, club for drink.
 BIRLIN' THE BAWBEE, clubbing for drink.
 BIRSEs, bristles.
 BITTOCK, little bit, short distance.
 BLASTIE, shrivelled dwarf (term of contempt).
 BLATE, bashful, sheepish.
 BLAUD, flat piece; *v.* slap.
 BLAW I' MY LUG, flatter.
 BLEERT, bedimmed with weeping.
 BLELLUM, idle-talking fellow.
 BLETH'RIN, talking idly.
 BLUE-GOWN, one of those beggars who got every king's birthday a blue cloak or gown with a badge.
 BLUNTIE, snivelling.
 BLYPE, shred, large piece.
 BOCK, vomit, gush intermittently.
 BODLE, small copper coin.
 BOGLES, spirits, hobgoblins.
 BOORTREE, BU'TREE, shrub elder.
 BOOST, behoved, must needs.
 BOUSING, drinking.
 BOW-KAIL, cabbage.
 BRAIK, kind of barrow.
 BRANKIE, gaudy.
 BRANKS, wooden cart for horses.
 BRASH, sudden illness.
 BRATS, coarse clothes; children.
 BRATTLE, short race, hurry.
 BRAWLYS, BRAWLIE, finely.
 BKAXIE, morbid sheep, mutton of sheep smothered in the snow.
 BRECKEN, fern.
 BRENT, smooth, clear.
 BRIE, juice, liquid.
 BRISKET, breast, bosom.
 BROCK, badger.
 BROGUE, hum, trick.
 BROOSE, race at country weddings—who shall first reach bridegroom's house on returning from church.
 BROWST, brewing, what is brewed at one time.
 BRUILZIE, broil, combustion.
 BUCHAN-BULLERS, boiling sea, Buchan coast.
 BUCHSKIN, Virginian.
 BUGHT, sheep-pen.
 BUIRDLY, strong made.
 BUM-CLOCK, humming beetle that flies in summer evenings.
 BUMMLER, blunderer.
 BUNKER, window-seat; chest with hinged lid that serves for seat.
 BURE, endured.
 BURNEWIN, blacksmith (burn the wind).
 BUSHIE, bushy.
 BUSLE, *n. v.* bustle.
 BUSS, shelter.
 BUT, BOT, without, void of.
 BUT AN' BEN, country kitchen and parlour.
 BY-HIMSEL', distracted, lunatic.
 CA'T, CA'D, called; driven; calved.
 CAFF, chaff.

- CAIRD, tinker.
 CANTRIP, charm, spell.
 CAREERING, moving cheerfully.
 CARL, old man.
 CARL-HEMP, male stalk of hemp.
 CARLIN, stout old woman.
 CAUK AND KEEL, chalk and red clay.
 CAVIE, hen-coop.
 CESSSES, taxes.
 CHANTER, part of bagpipe.
 CHIMLA LUG, fireside.
 CHOW, chew; CHEEK FOR CHOW, side by side.
 CHUCKIE, brood hen.
 CHUFFIE, fat faced.
 CLARTY, dirty.
 CLARKIT, wrote.
 CLAUGHT, snatched at.
 CLAUT, clean, scrape.
 CLAVERS, idle stories.
 CLECKIN, chicken brood.
 CLEED, *v.* clothe.
 CLEEDS, *n.* clothes.
 CLEEKIT, having caught.
 CLEG, gad-fly.
 CLINKUMBELL, church-bell ringer.
 CLOCK, *v.* hatch; *n.* beetle.
 CLOOT, hoof of cow or sheep.
 CLUNK, sound of liquor in emptying bottle or cask.
 COCKERNONNY, lock of hair tied on girl's head; cap.
 COFT, bought.
 COILA, Kyle (from "auld King Coil").
 COLLIESHANGIE, quarrel.
 COOKIT, appeared and disappeared by fits.
 COUTHIE, kind, loving.
 COWE, *v.* terrify, lop; *n.* fright; bunch of furze.
 COWP, *v.* barter; tumble over; *n.* gang.
 COWTE, colt.
 CRAIG, neck.
 CRAMBO-CLINK, rhymes, doggerel.
 CRANREUCH, hoar frost.
 CROOD, CROUD, coo as a dove.
 CROUCHIE, crook-backed.
 CROULIN, crawling.
 CROUSE, cheerful, courageous.
 CROWDIE, oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from broth of beef.
 CRUMMOCK, cow with crooked horns.
 CUMMOCK, short staff with crooked head.
 CURMURRIN', murmuring.
 CURPIN, crupper.
 CUTTY-STOOL, stool of repentance in church.
 DAIMEN, rare, now and then.
 DAIMEN-ICKER, an ear of corn now and then.
 DAUD, *v.* thrash, abuse; *n.* large piece; knock.
 DAURG, day's labour.
 DAWTIT, fondled, caressed.
 DIGHT, wipe, clean corn from chaff.
 DOITED, silly from age.
 DONZIE, unlucky.
 DOOL, sorrow; SING DOOL, mourn.
 DORTY, saucy, nice.
 DOUCE, DOUSE, sober, prudent.
 DOUGHT, was able.
 DOUR AND DIN, sullen, sallow.
 DOW, am or are able.
 DOWFF, pithless.
 DOWIE, weary, half-asleep.
 DOYLT, stupid.
 DRODDUM, breech.
 DRONE, part of bagpipe.
 DROOP, rumpl't, hanging down.
 DROUKIT, wet.
 DROUNTIN', drawling.
 DRUMMOCK, meal and water mixed.
 DWAM, qualm, swoon.
 DYVOUR, bankrupt; ill-dressed idle fellow.
 EERIE, frightsome, fearing spirits.
 EILD, old age.
 ELBUCK, elbow.
 ELDRITCH, ghastly.
 ETTLE, try, intend.
 EYDENT, diligent.
 FA'ARD, favoured.
 FAIKET, unknown, unemployed, abated.

- FAWSONT, decent, seemly.
 FEAL, *n.* field; *a.* smooth.
 FEAT, neat, spruce.
 FECK, many, plenty.
 FECKET, waistcoat, under-flannel.
 FECKFU', large, brawny.
 FECKLESS, puny, weak.
 FEIDE, feud, enmity.
 FELL, *a.* keen, biting; *n.* flesh next skin; fairly level field; hill side or top.
 FEND, live comfortably.
 FERLIE, FERLEY, *v.n.* wonder (term of contempt).
 FIEL, soft, smooth.
 FIENT (fiend) A HAET, not a bit.
 FIER, *a.* sound, healthy; *n.* brother, friend.
 FITTIE-LAN, nearer horse of hindmost pair in plough.
 FLAINEN, flannel.
 FLAUGHTERING, light shining fitfully.
 FLEECH, supplicate coaxingly.
 FLEG, kick, random blow.
 FLEATHER, decoy by fair words.
 FLEY, scare, frighten.
 FLINDERS, shreds, broken pieces.
 FLINGIN-TREE, partition timber between horses in stable.
 FLISK, fret at the yoke.
 FORBEARS, forefathers.
 FORFAIRN, FORFOUGHTEN, worn out, distressed.
 FORJESKET, jaded with fatigue.
 FOUTH, enough, plenty.
 FOW, bushel; pitchfork.
 FREATH, froth.
 FUD, tail of hare or rabbit.
 FUR-AHIN, hindmost horse on right hand when ploughing.
 FYKE, *n.* trifling cares; *v.* fuss about trifles.
 FYLE, soil, dirty.
 GABERLUNZIE, beggar-man.
 GADSMAN, boy that rides horses in plough.
 GANGREL, vagrant.
 GAR, force to.
 GASH, *a.* wise, talkative; *v.* converse.
 GECK, toss the head in scorn.
 GED, pike.
 GET, child, young one.
 GIGLETS, playful girls.
 GILPEY, romp, hoyden.
 GIMMER, ewe from one to two years old.
 GIN, if, against.
 GIZZ, periwig.
 GLAIVE, sword.
 GLAUM'D, aimed, snatched.
 GLECK, GLEG, sharp, ready.
 GLEY, squint; AGLEY, off the straight.
 GLIB-GABBET, that speaks readily.
 GRAIN'D AND GRUNTED, groaned and grunted.
 GRAITH, accoutrements, gear.
 GREE, agree; BEAR THE GREE, be victorious.
 GROAT. "*Get the whistle o' one's groat,*" play a losing game.
 GROUSOME, loathsomely grim.
 GRUNZIE, mouth.
 GRUSHIE, thick, of thriving growth.
 GULLY, large folding knife.
 GUMILIE, muddy.
 GUSTY, tasteful.
 GYRE-CARLINE, hag.
 HAET, thing (see *fient a haet*)
 HAFFET, temple, side of head.
 HAFFLINS, nearly half, partly.
 HAG, scar; gulf in mosses.
 HAIN, spare, save.
 HAIRST, harvest.
 HAITH, a petty oath.
 HALLAN, cottage partition wall; turf seat outside.
 HALLAN-SHAKER, sturdy ~ beggar.
 HALLIONS, rogues.
 HALLOWMAS, 31st October.
 HANTLE, a good deal.
 HARKIT, hearkened.
 HARN, very coarse linen.
 HASH, one that cannot dress or act properly.
 HAUGH, low lying rich land.
 HAVER-MEAL, oat-meal.
 HAVINS, good manners, good sense.
 HAWKIE, cow (with white face).
 HEALSOME, wholesome, healthful.

- HEARSE, hoarse.
 HECHT, foretold, offered.
 HECKLE, board for dressing hemp, flax, etc.
 HEEZE, elevate, raise.
 HEUGH, crag, ravine, coal-pit.
 HILCH, hobble, halt.
 HIRSEL, herd of cattle (as many as one person can tend).
 HISTIE, dry, chapt, barren.
 HICHT, loop, knot.
 HODDIN, humble; HODDIN-GREY, coarse woollen cloth.
 HOG-SCORE, curling term.
 HOG-SHOUTER, kind of horse play; juggle.
 HOOL, outer skin, nut-shell.
 HOOLIE, slowly, leisurely.
 HOST, HOAST, cough.
 HOULET, owl.
 HOWDIE, midwife.
 HOWEBACKIT, sunk in the back (of horses).
 HOY, urge.
 HOYSE, pull upwards.
 HOYTE, amble crazily.
 HURCHEON, hedgehog.
 HUSHION, cushion.
 ICKER, ear of corn.
 IEROE, great-grandchild.
 ILKA, every.
 INGINE, genius, ingenuity.
 INGLE, fire-place.
 ISE, I shall or will.
 JAUK, dally, trifle.
 JIMP, *v.* jump; *a.* slender handsome.
 JIMPLY, barely, scarcely.
 JOCTELEG, large knife (for *Jacques de Liège*).
 JOUGS, the pillory.
 JOW, verb implying swinging motion and pealing sound of large bell.
 JUNDIE, juggle.
 KAE, daw.
 KAIN, fowls, etc.; part of farm rent.
 KEBARS, rafters.
 KEBRUCK, cheese.
 KELPIE, mischievous spirits at fords on stormy nights.
 KET, *a.* matted, hairy; *n.* fleece of wool.
 KIAUGH, carking anxiety.
 KING'S-HOOD, part of cow's entrails.
 KINTRA COOSER, country stallion.
 KIUTTLE, cuddle.
 KNAGGIE, like *knags*, or points of rocks.
 KNURL, dwarf.
 KYTE, belly.
 KYTHE, show one's self.
 LAGGAN, angle between side and bottom of wooden dish.
 LAIR, learning.
 LAIRING, wading and sinking in snow, mud, etc.
 LAITHFU', bashful, sheepish.
 LALLANS, Lowlands.
 LAN'-AFORE, LAN'-AHIN, foremost or hindmost horse in plough.
 LAVE, rest, remainder.
 LAWIN, shot; reckoning.
 LEA-RIG, grassy ridge.
 LEE-LANG, livelong.
 LEESOME, pleasant; LEA-SOME LANE, dear self alone.
 LEEZE-ME, congratulatory phrase, happy in, proud of.
 LEISTER, three-pronged fishing dart.
 LIBBET, gelded.
 LIFT, sky.
 LIMMER, mistress.
 LINK, trip along.
 LINT I' THE BELL, flax in flower.
 LINTWHITE, linnet; *a.* flaxen-coloured.
 LOAN, LOANIN, milking place.
 LOOPY, crafty.
 LUGGIE, small wooden dish with handle.
 LUNT, *v.* smoke; *n.* column of smoke.
 LYART, of mixed colour, grey.
 MAHOUN, Satan.
 MAILEN, farm.
 MALISON, curse.
 MAR'S YEAR, 1715.
 MARROW, mate, one of a pair.

- MASHLUĀ, MESLIN, mixed corn.
 MASKIN-PAT, tea-pot.
 MAUKIN, hare.
 MELDER, corn, etc., sent to mill to be ground.
 MELL, be intimate, meddle; *n.* mallet.
 MELVIE, soil with meal.
 MENSE, good manners, decorum.
 MENSELESS, ill-bred.
 MERLE, blackbird.
 MESSIN, dog of low breed.
 MIM, prim, affectedly meek.
 MINNIE, mother, dam.
 MIRK, MIRKEST, dark, darkest
 MISLEAR'D, mischievous, unmannerly.
 MISLIPPEN, neglect.
 MOOP, nibble as a sheep.
 MOSS-HAGS, pits and sloughs in a bog.
 MOUDIWORD, mole.
 MUSLIN-KAIL, broth of water, shelled barley, and greens.

 NAIG, nag, horse.
 NAPPY, *n.* ale; *v.* tipsy.
 NIEST, next.
 NIEVE, fist.
 NIFFER, *n. v.* exchange.
 NOWTE, black cattle.

 OE, OYE, grandchild.
 OR, for *ere*, before.
 ORRA, odd, not matched, what may be spared.
 OURIE, shivering, drooping.
 OUTLERS, cattle not housed.
 OWRE-HIP, way of using hammer.
 OWSEN, oxen.

 PACK, intimate; *n.* 12 stones of wool.
 PAIKS, blows.
 PAIRTRICK, partridge.
 PATTLE, PETTLE, plough-staff.
 PAUGHTY, proud, haughty.
 PECHAN, crop, stomach.
 PETTLE, cherish (see *Pattle*).
 PHILABEG, Highland kilt.
 PICKLE, small quantity.
 PINE, pain; uneasiness.

 PLACK, old Scotch coin=two bodles = third of English penny.
 PLISKIE, trick.
 POIND, seize goods for rent.
 POORTITH, poverty.
 POUT, poult, chick.
 PREEN, pin.
 PRENT, printing.
 PRIE, taste.
 PRIEF, proof.
 PRIG, cheapen.
 PRIMSIE, demure, precise.
 PROPINE, present, gift.
 PYLE, PYLE O' CAFF, single grain of chaff.

 QUAICH, small cup.
 QUAT, quit.
 QUEAN, young woman, wench.
 QUEY, cow from one to two years old.

 RAIBLE, rattle nonsense.
 RAIR, roar.
 RAIZE, madden, inflame.
 RAM-FEEZL'D, fatigued; over-spread.
 RAPLOCH, coarse cloth; *a.* coarse.
 RAUCLE, rash, stout.
 RAUGHT, reached.
 RAVE, tore.
 RAW, row.
 RAX, stretch.
 REAM, *n. v.* cream.
 REAMIN', brimful, frothing.
 REAVE, rove.
 REAVIN', open, violent thieving.
 REDE, *v. n.* counsel, separate, put to rights.
 RED-WAT-SHOD, walking in blood over shoe tops.
 RED-WUD, stark mad.
 REE, half-drunk.
 REISTED, stopped, stuck fast; smoke-dried.
 REST, stand restive.
 RICKLES, shooks of corn, stooks.
 RIEF, REEF, plenty.
 RIEF RANDIES, sturdy beggars.
 RIP, handful of unthreshed corn.

- RIPLING-KAME, instrument for dressing flax.
 RISKIT, made noise like tearing of roots.
 ROCKIN', spinning on rock or distaff.
 ROON, shred.
 ROOSE, praise.
 ROUPET, hoarse.
 ROUTHIE, plentiful.
 ROWTH, ROUTH, plenty.
 ROZET, rosin.
 RUG, *v.* pull; *n.* dog-cheap bargain.
 RUNG, cudgel.
 RUTH, woman's name; sorrow.
 RYKE, reach.
 SACKLESS, innocent.
 SAIN, bless against evil influence.
 SCAITH, *n. v.* harm.
 SCAITHLESS, unharmed.
 SCAUR, *a.* apt to be scared; *n.* steep earth bank overhanging river.
 SCRIEVE, glide swiftly.
 SCROGGIE, covered with underwood.
 SHANGAN, stick cleft at one end.
 SHANGLIN', shambling.
 SHAVIE, do an ill turn.
 SHAW, small wood in hollow place.
 SHEEN, bright, shining.
 SHEEP-SHANK, *think one's self nae sheepshank*, be conceited.
 SHIEL, shed.
 SHILL, shrill.
 SHILPIT, weak, insipid.
 SHÖG, shock, push off at one side.
 SHORE, offer, threaten.
 SIBB, related by blood.
 SICKER, sure, severe.
 SILKEN-SNOOD, fillet of silk (worn by virgins).
 SKELLUM, worthless fellow.
 SKELPY-LIMMER, term used by scolding woman.
 SKEPS, bee-hives.
 SKEIGH, proud, nice, high-mettled.
 SKINKLIN', small portion.
 SKOUTH, scope, free action.
 SKYTE, glide rapidly off; *n.* worthless fellow.
 SLAP, gate, breach in fence.
 SLEE, SLEEKIT, sly.
 SLOKEN, quench, slake.
 SLYPE, fall over (as wet furrow from plough).
 SMEDDUM, dust; mettle; sense.
 SMOOR, smother.
 SMOUTIE, smutty, ugly.
 SMYTRIE, large number.
 SNAPPER, stumble.
 SNAW-BROO, melted snow.
 SNED, lop, cut off.
 SNICK, SNECK, door latch.
 SNICK-DRAWING, trick contriving.
 SNOOD, fillet for tying maiden's hair.
 SNOOL, one whose spirit is broken by oppression; *v.* sneak, submit tamely.
 SNOOVE, sneak.
 SNOWK, scent or snuff (like dog).
 SONSIE, pleasant looking, jolly, fat.
 SORNERS, hardy beggars.
 SOUTER, shoemaker.
 SOWENS, seeds of oatmeal soured and boiled.
 SOWTH, try over a tune with low whistle.
 SPAUL, limb.
 SPAIRGE, dash; soil (as with mire).
 SPENCE, country parlour.
 SPLEUCHAN, tobacco pouch.
 SPORRAN, purse.
 SPRIT, tough plant (like rushes).
 SPUNKIE, mettlesome; *n.* will o' wisp.
 STAIG, unbroken young horse.
 STANG, pole, tree branch.
 STARK, stout.
 STAUMREL, blockhead.
 STAW, stole, surfeit.
 STECH, cram the belly.
 STEEK, *v.* shut; *n.* stitch.
 STEEVE, firm, compact.
 STEN, rear (as a horse).
 STENTS, tribute, dues.
 STERNS, stars.
 STEY, steep.
 STIBBLING, leading reaper in harvest.

- STICK AN' STOW, totally, altogether.
 STICKED, stuck; murdered.
 STILT, *n.* crutch; *v.* limp.
 STIMPART, eighth of Winchester bushel.
 STIRK, year-old cow or bullock.
 STOITIN', staggering.
 STOOR, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse.
 STOUR, stern, gruff.
 STOURE, dust (in motion).
 STOWLINS, by stealth.
 STOW, cut off, lop.
 STOWN, stolen.
 STRAE, straw; DIE A FAIR STRAE DEATH, die in one's bed.
 STUDDIE, anvil.
 STRUNT, spirituous liquor: *v.* walk sturdily; TAK' THE STRUNTS, take the pet.
 STUFF, corn or pulse.
 STURT, trouble; STURTIN, frightened.
 SUNKETS, provisions, delicacies.
 SUNKIE, low stool.
 SWARF, swoon.
 SWEER, lazy, averse; DEAD-SWEER, extremely averse.
 SWIRLIE, knaggy, knotty.
 SWITH, get away, quickly.
 SYND, rinse; SYNDINGS, rinsings.
 SYNE, since, in that case.
 SYVER, gutter.
 TAIRGE, target.
 TAIT, small quantity.
 TAPETLESS, heedless.
 TAPPIT-HEN, drinking vessel with knob at top (holds a quart).
 TARROW, murmur at one's allowance.
 TARRY-BREEKS, sailor.
 TASSE, TASSIE, cup.
 TAUTED, TAUTIE, matted (of hair or wool).
 TAWIE, that lets itself be peaceably handled (of horse, cow, etc.).
 TEDDING, spreading after mower.
 TEN-HOURS'-BITE, slight feed to horses in forenoon.
 TENT, field pulpit; heed; *v.* take heed.
 THAIRMS, small guts, fiddle strings.
 THEEKIT, thatched.
 THIEVELESS, cold, dry (of one's demeanour).
 THOWLESS, with no force (thew).
 THREAP, assert positively.
 THROUTHER, pell-mell, confusedly.
 TINE, lose; TINT, lost; TINT THE GATE, lost the way.
 TIP, TOOP, ram.
 TIRL, slight noise; uncover.
 TOCHER, marriage portion.
 TOD, fox.
 TOUT, *n.* blast of horn; *v.* blow horn.
 TOWMOND, twelvemonth.
 TOY, very old fashion of female head-dress.
 TRANSMUGRIFY'D, changed, metamorphosed.
 TROW, believe.
 TUG, raw hide (for making plough traces).
 TULZIE, *v. n.* quarrel.
 TWAL-PENNIE-WORTH, small quantity; an English penny's worth.
 TWIN, part.
 TYKE, large coarse dog.
 UGSOME, disgusting.
 UNCO, strange; uncouth; *very*.
 UNCOS, news.
 UNSICKER, unsure, unsteady.
 UNWEETING, unknowingly.
 UPHAUDEN, supported.
 WABSTER, weaver.
 WAD, would; *n. v.* bet.
 WAESUCKS! alas!
 WAFF, shabby.
 WAFT, woof.
 WAIR, expend.
 WALE, choice, choose.
 WALIE, large; jolly; cry of distress.
 WANCHANSIE, unlucky.
 WANRESTFU', restless.
 WARK-LUME, work tool.

- WARSL'D, wrestled.
 WAT, wet; I WAT (wot), know.
 WAUBLE, swing, reel.
 WAUKIT, thickened (as fullers do cloth).
 WAUKRIFE, sleepless.
 WEARIE, weary; MONY A WEARIE BODY, many a different person.
 WEASON, wind-pipe.
 WEIRD, fate.
 WE'SE, we shall.
 WHATRECK, nevertheless.
 WHEEP, fly nimbly; jerk; PENNY WHEEP, small beer.
 WHID, hare's motion; lie.
 WHIDDEN, running like hare or rabbit.
 WHIGMELBERIES, whims, crotchets.
 WHIRLIGIGUMS, useless ornaments.
 WHITTER, hearty drink of liquor.
 WICK, curling term.
 WICKER, small willow.
 WIEL, small whirlpool.
 WILLYARD, wild; strange; shy.
 WINNOCK, window.
 WINTLE, stagger.
 WINZE, an oath.
 WONS, dwells.
 WOODIE, rope (of withs); gailows.
 WOOER-BAB, garter with two loops below knee.
 WRACK, teeze, vex.
 WRBETH, drifted snow.
 WUD, mad, distracted.
 WUZZENT, withered, dried.
 WYLIECOAT, flannel vest.
 WYTE, *n. v.* blame.
 YALD, supple, active.
 YELL, barren; that gives no milk.
 YELLOW-YELDRING, yellow-hammer.
 YERK, lash, jerk.
 YILL, ale.
 YIRD, earth.
 YOKIN, yoking; a bout.
 YOWE, ewe.
 YULE, Christmas.

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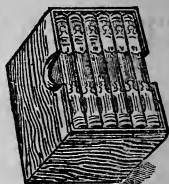
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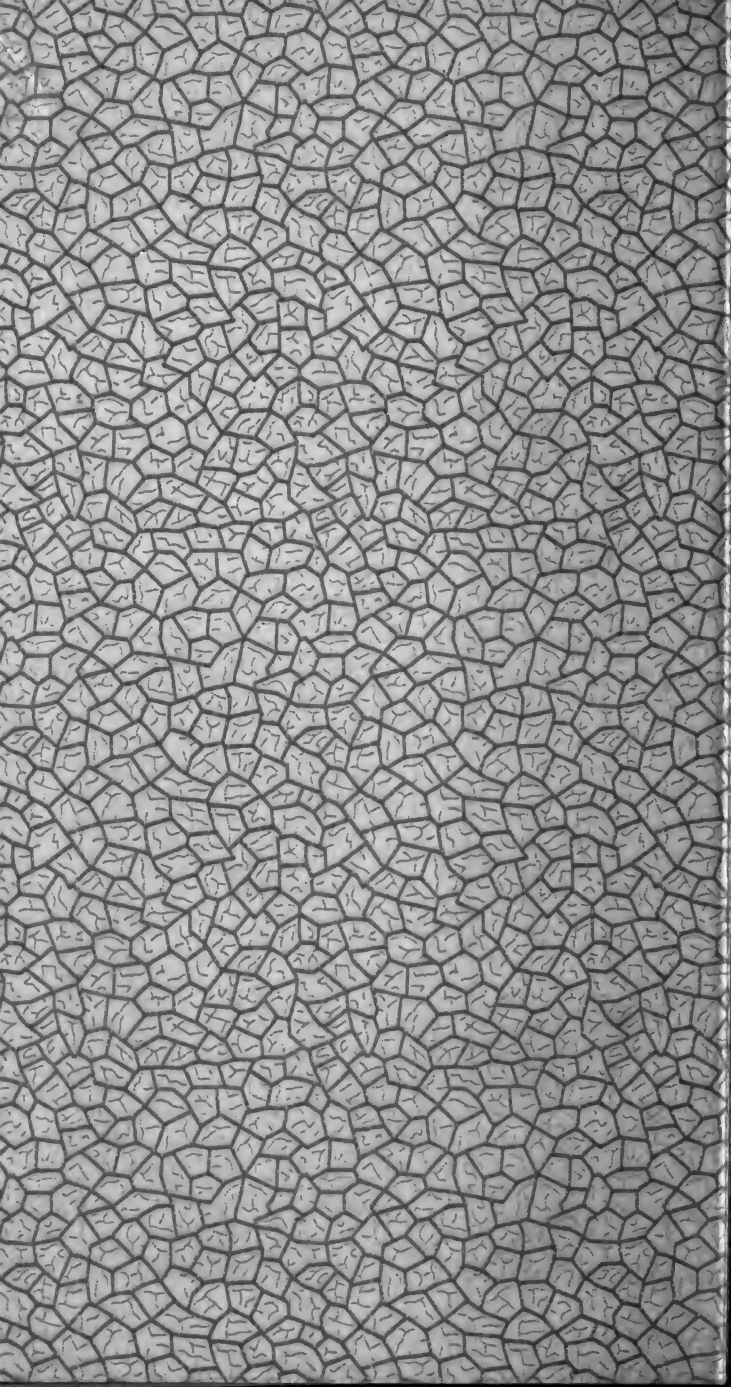
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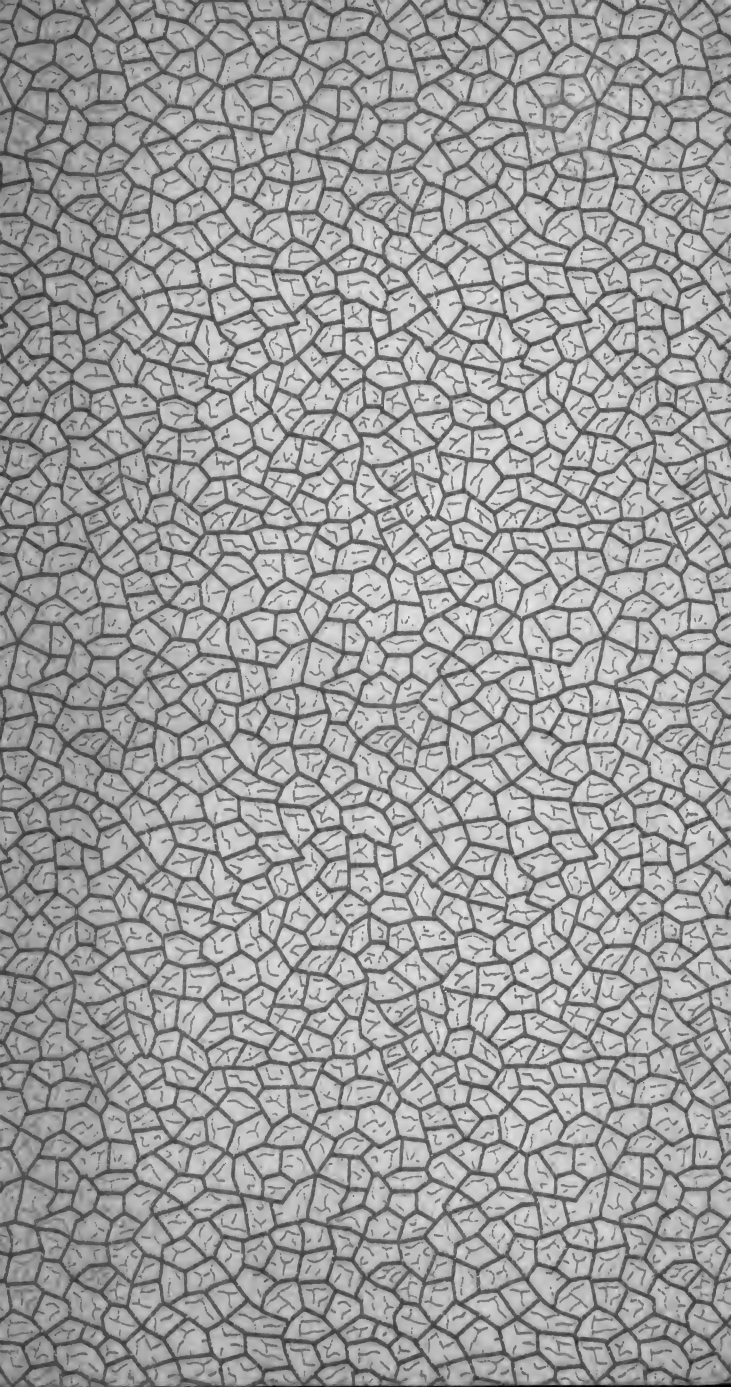
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